



THE SECESSION RESULT vs. THE UNION.

In Southern clime, where negroes shine,
And cotton bales are plenty;
Where men are fierce and money scarce,
And wharves and harbors empty;

Where men and boys are full of noise,
Who boast of theft and treason,
Defy the law, and talk of war,
Devoid of wit or reason;

Such men of might, so full of fight,
Who seem chuck full of thunder,
Keep all they get but pay no debt,
And save their strength for plunder.

Cunning and bold, was one of old;
He got a mess of pottage;
One rebel fair, hung by the hair,
And lost all his porridge.

One rebel troop was swallowed up!
Which could a world-wide shouting;
The Southern crew we must subdue,
The world approves their routing.

They steal their arms—raise false alarms—
Commence the war at Sumter;
They fire some squabs—tell many fibs,
Deceptions without number.

For if we think, and only wink,
They call it abolition;
Discard the North is only froth,
And that they call secession.

Their cotton bales will take the rails
To Northern ports, for shipping,
Where vessels sail by every gale,
And Yankees get good picking.

Our ships go full to Johnny Bull,
And gold returns excessive;
We take the chink with nod and wink,
Decidedly expressive.

We hold our grip, and we will ship
King corn as well as cotton,
And keep our hold upon the gold
Where negroes are forgotten.

And how they groan about a loan,
So paltry for a nation,
They can't relax their negro tax,
Nor dodge repudiation.

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

By C. L. BRIARMead.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Show a glim," whispered Bob, and with a match the other lit the lamp in a small lantern.
They were in an unfurnished hall, an uncarpeted stairway leading to the upper rooms. Up stairs, shading the lamp, the two lightly bounded. Round a landing they passed, and up half a dozen more stairs; then the second story was fairly reached; and immediately before them was a stoutly made door, with a ponderous lock on the outside; whilst a keyhole showed that there was a corresponding one on the inside.

Dick himself was beginning to get excited, whilst once more the peculiarity of Bob's countenance shone out—the scared look coming out strong.
"Only two more locks to be worked, Bob; go into them with a rush."

"In it is!" and again the skeletons come out, and with a quickness and skill that showed him to be no mean hand at the business, Sterner worked away. As he had full view of the outside lock, it did not take long to pick it, and the inside one could scarcely be said to have offered any resistance. Motioning his friend to stand where he was, King opened, with nervous hand, the door, and passed into the room.

It was one but coarsely furnished. A bedstead, two or three chairs, a wash-stand and table—that was about all. Through the curtainless windows, by the light of a lamp that was burning upon the table, could be seen thick oaken shutters, tightly secured in their closed position by padlocks, and the aspect of the place was cheerless enough. Yet for all that, there was an interesting object to break the dreariness of the scene.

Standing near the empty fireplace, and just behind the table, was a woman.

She stood there, clad in a tight fitting black dress, with long, heavy masses of dark black hair falling in wild disorder over her white shoulders, that were not entirely concealed by the mourning dress. Eyes bright and black, even though somewhat swollen and bloodshot from weeping, shone out from under royally arched eyebrows, with a strange, sad, unrecognizing stare upon the intruders. Oh, she made a sweet picture, this beauty in distress. A Cleopatra—she, her soul somewhat tamed, but beautiful enough for man to lose the world for. Pure flesh and blood, those rosy lips, that swelling form.

For a short space of time King stood by the threshold, without uttering a word, with his eyes bent on this caged beauty. Finding tongue, at length he said, in a voice scarce above a whisper:

"Do you not remember me, Miss Mayfield?"

The eye sometimes may forget, and the visual organs play false to the soul; but the ear never. A bright glow of recognition spread over the face of Florence, even as sometimes crimson flushes will rest on the brow of the rain-clouds. Springing forward, she exclaimed:

"It is a friend, thank Heaven! I am saved."

"Yes, saved, my friend," answered King Dick, in his kindest, softest tone, as a beautiful burden sank half fainting in his arms. "Safe and saved. Do not be excited—no harm can come to you now, for I am here to protect you."

Fortunately, Florence Mayfield did not entirely faint away, though for the space of a dozen seconds she lay in a state of half consciousness, half supported by the manly arms of her hero; when, recovering the full possession of her senses, she drew herself erect, and reached out her hand, at the same time a smile—long a stranger to her—lit up the fair young girl's countenance, as she said: "Forgive my deep emotion. I know this is no time to let it be manifest, but the sight of a familiar and friendly face overcame me. Let us hasten away from this spot."

A strange idea flitted through the brain of King Dick, though he scarce dared to give it utterance. "Then you doubt me not?"

"Doubt you? Never; I know you as the true friend of another, and as his friend I can safely call you mine."

"You're correct," said he, involuntarily using a slang expression; then he continued: "Yes, as his friend I have followed you a long distance; and, thank Heaven, I see you at last, safe and well. If you have any preparations to make, do so without delay, for we must leave this place."

"My preparations are simple indeed," was the response. "A close fitting bonnet and a heavy crape shawl were caught up from a chair and speedily adjusted, whilst Dick asked, to prevent a silence:

"How comes it, Florence, that you should travel so many thousand miles without giving the alarm? How was it that you did not seek assistance from some of your fellow passengers?"

"I cannot tell. There has been an indescribable influence exerted over me, preventing, more certainly than an iron gag, any such appeal. For four days I was in a complete stupor, though what has caused it I know not. I remember retiring for the night, and then a half awakening, and a series of actions, such as one sometimes imagines he does in a morning dream. Some peculiar opiates must have been given me, and the ruling power of a strong will have been operating upon me. Dressed in the deepest mourning, I have no doubt, but that the man who accompanied me, represented that some of my friends had but lately died, and that my health was, in consequence, seriously affected, if, indeed, my mind had not given way under the shock. I have a confused idea of seeing a familiar face once on the journey, but whose it was, or where it was, I cannot tell."

"One question more. How have you been treated?"

"As well as one could possibly expect. Nothing has been done to harass my feelings. When I recovered from the semi-unconscious state, I found myself here, seated in a chair, with a man standing near the door. His words were: 'You will be detained here, Miss Mayfield, for some short time, but do not be afraid of any personal violence. Rest contented. Think not of escaping, for escape is impossible; at the same time endeavour to forget the friends you have left behind you—you will, in all probability, never see them again.' Since that time an old colored woman has regularly brought me my meals; but she is always accompanied to the door by some one or other. I have passed many weary hours here, and was almost beginning to despair. Your sudden appearance so startled me that I did not immediately recognize you. But for what this has been done, or who were those concerned in it—all this is to me a mystery."

As our hero was opening his mouth to give some sort of reply to this, he heard a hasty step upon the landing, and almost instantly the door sprang open, revealing Bob Sterner, his face all over pale with a most diabolically scared look, standing on the threshold.

"There's no time to be foolin' here, Dick. While you was talkin I went down towards the front door. I swung her open and took a peep outside. It was dark as blazes, but I heard a noise like a light wagon coming up the street, with half a dozen men walking on the sidewalk. The buggy stopped at the wrong door, and one of them on foot began to curse. I tell you what, it's Marker himself, and nobody else. They're a coming to take Miss Flo, there away; they've got a half dozen to help, and we had better be making tracks right away, without any more fooling. Hurry up—and don't faint or be scared. Miss Flo, we'll see you through, or my name ain't Frighty Bob."

The sound of wheels could be dimly heard by King, as he eagerly listened. "You're right, Robert, we must leave."

"Come on, then. I've locked the front door and put down the deadlatch, so whilst they are getting in at the front we can skoot by the back."

"You're mistaken there, Bob," answered Dick, who had hastily thought over the chances. Any other time he would not have objected to a row with a dozen men; but now, burdened by Florence Mayfield, he was rather cautious about entering into a mous. "You are mistaken. We'll go out by the front door. You see they have a carriage, and that will be useful just now, even if the use ain't exactly legal. We'll stand in the hall and let them come in—and go past us if they will. Then we'll run out. I'll knock down the man that is holding the horse, you'll get Miss Florence into the concern and drive off as fast as you can, while I clean out the crowd, or run away, just as it turns out best to do. That's what we are going to do. Come on, Florence."

Had it been any one else than King Dick who laid down this programme, perhaps Bob would have decidedly objected. Knowing that objections would be of no avail, and would only waste time, he silently acquiesced; leading the way out of the room, the other two followed him.

Bob had already deposited the lantern, which they had carried, in one of his pockets, and silently the three stood ranged along the wall at the bottom of the stairs, Florence being stationed between the two men. They heard the fumbling of a hand at the lock, as though some one was seeking, in the dark, to insert a key into it. The lock was turned, then the door tried. A voice, which all three present recognized, King and Sterner as that of Marker, Florence as that of the person who had been the main agent in her abduction, remarked with an oath that the dead latch was sprung. The key, however, was soon found, and the door opened without further obstruction.

"Now then, boys," commenced Marker, "two of you stay on the outside, and the other three come on with me as far as the landing, for I may need some help; and mind that you keep a good look out."

Four men passed into the house, and went stumbling through the dark up the stairs. Dick caught Florence by the hand with the very lowest kind of a "wh!" and into the street went the three. A gleam of light caused the two men left on the watch to look around. On the steps stood three dusky forms, one holding above his head the lantern which emitted the rays attracting their attention. "Strait down the street, turn at the second crossing, and then keep on till you come to a respectable house. You knock down the nearest one," said Dick.

Two men bounded forwards, two lightning-like blows, sent straight from two muscular shoulders, sent two rec-

pliants down like shots, checking very suddenly the yell that one of them was half done raising.

Bounding back to the steps, Dick seized Florence around the waist and placed her in the wagon, where Bob was gathering up the lines. With a shout, he urged the horse down the street, and making the wheels of Marker's trotting buggy spin round and round behind his twenty-four nag.

The men ascended the stairs. The door of the now vacant room had swung shut, and the leader paused before it. The key which he had inserted refused to turn. "Strange," thought he, "how the locks work to-night."

A half-smothered shout, a scuffling on the pavement, the noise of rapidly departing wheels, struck his hearing organs. One vigorous twist, and the door stood open before him. The prison was there, but the prisoner had flown.

"Gone! Down stairs, boys, quick! The girl is gone, and some one has helped her to escape!"

Down the steps went the four, and out upon the sidewalk. The unextinguished lantern of Bob Sterner lay upon the pavement. Hastily snatching it up, Marker saw his two auxiliaries stretched out; the sound of wheels waxing fainter in the distance; but the echo of a footstep, sounding quite distinct, gave evidence that some one was within hearing, if not stopping distance. Marker did not hesitate. Putting to his mouth a little "call" which he carried, loud and clear rang the "witch's whistle"—at first low, but rising higher and higher, until it became perfectly ear-piercing in its effects, then dying away as it had begun. "Come on!" again he hoarsely shouted. "We must seize that man. Fifty dollars to the one that lays hands on him!"

From a point in the direction in which King Dick was running there arose a dozen shrill whistles. From out of a low grocery there came a crowd of men and boys, and each, as he reached the street, pealed out the answering signal. Marker and his men coming down the street at their fastest pace. King saw, in the streaming light that issued from an opened door, a crowd collected directly in front of him; he heard behind the pursuing footsteps. It was too late to stop; his only plan was to go ahead, for no mercy could he expect at the hands of the surrounding crowd. To them murder was a sport. Putting on all the steam he could muster for the occasion, he dashed recklessly at them.

Had our hero been a large man, the chances are that they might have shrunk back, allowing him to pass. But his appearance was by no means calculated to terrify, so they met his charge with an unyielding solidity that was by no means agreeable. Like sledge-banners his two mawleys went out, and two men dropped; as he gathered himself together for a desperate push, some one cantered him down the steps leading to the place just vacated by the crowd; then they all closed up, looking from the top of the stairs with some curiosity for the body of their prisoner.

With his usual good luck, King Dick had fallen upon his feet; yet, such was the impetus with which he descended, that he fairly burst open the door, and found himself in the middle of the room before he well knew where he had landed. By the time he had given a hasty glance around him, the men were beginning to pile down the steps. It did not take three seconds to understand his position. Escape was absolutely necessary, yet did it seem in every way impracticable. Fifteen or twenty men, jammed in a small passage, were most too many to fight a passage through. In this room he saw no means of either defence or escape. An open door revealed another apartment, and into this he hastened. No passage to the upper story was apparent, but, by a single lamp there burning, he could see some two or three large barrels set upon end, affording a rather insufficient barricade, but one of which he availed himself. As he leaped over them, into the other room thronged the crowd, led by Marker, all breathless and excited with running, and reinforced by at least a dozen more of Marker's faithful allies.

Shouts, yells, and curses filled the premises, as their leader, catching sight of our hero, bounded towards him. With a stern voice King warned him back, and with arm extended, menaced them with a six shooter.

"Hold on, my fancy coves, till we hear what you want. I don't want to shoot, but I shall have to do so if you are not a little more reasonable."

"You would have it," returned Marker. "I warned you back, and you would not go; now you must take the consequences!"

The crowd fiercely joined in, with—"Kill him! kill him!" and matters looked gloomy, indeed, for King. Suddenly, a stentorian voice, with a vehemence which electrified the crossmen and caused even Marker to start, took up the song, "Kill him! kill him!" With a rush and a push, from the other room came two persons. Surging right through them all came our friend, the eccentric policeman, whilst close in his wake followed Jim Weston.

"Yes, kill him!" shouted the policeman, as apparently without an effort, he divided a path to the spot where Marker was standing; "kill this man! Chris Marker, do you know me?" he continued, in tones indicative of the deepest hate. "Found at last! seducer of my sister!—murderer of my brother!—coward!—villain!—assassin!—die!"

Overhanded, from the back of his neck, flashed a bowie knife, and as he uttered the word "die," he struck fiercely at the breast of the man before him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEATRICAL.—If there were no other good consequences in a playhouse, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in which love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly, at a play, is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure, by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least, of such as at that time are in the best humor you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence for that time, equal in humor, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain by only coming into an audience; but if we find added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be alighted by so short-lived a creature as man.

THE MISER AND THE CANTATRICE.

Love, all-powerful love! conquers everything. It is that alone which can dissolve the stony heart of the miser, and compel him, to his own utter astonishment, to part with his beloved gold, which he considered more valuable than his existence. A very ridiculous affair once took place in La Belle France, which entirely justifies our exordium. A cantatrice, whose beauty and accomplishments almost equalled the sweetness of her voice in rendering her popular, made a tour through the provinces, where her success exceeded her most sanguine expectations. It so happened that the city of Marseilles was to be the scene of her exertions. The fame of her beauty and talents had preceded her, and expectation was on tiptoe to witness the first appearance of the celebrated Signora L. The possession of enormous wealth, even if it be in the hands of a miser, does not always deaden the heart to the influence of divine music. So at least it was in the case of Monsieur F. He was among the audience on the night of Signora L's appearance before the musical public of Marseilles. Whether it was the lady's extraordinary musical talents, or her elegant and graceful carriage, or the influence of a beautiful face and figure, certain it is, that the heart of M. F. was touched. Who can describe the conflicts in his breast; between his love of money, and his passion for the diva. Signora? Venus conquered! and the wealthy provincial felt constrained, by her power, to lay his riches and his heart at the feet of the lovely cantatrice. He despatched a bill-dowser of the most amorous complexion to the lady; he offered everything but his hand. How was his offer received? The Signora was not only inexorable, but indignant; she rejected the miser's addresses with scorn, and placed his effusions in the hands of a more honorable lover. The lover was as indignant as his mistress. He sent the miser a challenge! Poor Monsieur F., not only to be foiled in his pursuit, but to be compelled to fight a duel; it was dreadful! What could he do? "Love makes a man"—it made one of Monsieur F. He accepted the challenge, and boldly and resolutely declared that he would not resign his claim to the lady upon any consideration whatever; he would fight the whole army if necessary. Nothing but death should make him forego his pursuit! The lover and the Signora were alike astonished; the former, at the display of courage in the miser, so totally unexpected; the latter, at so extraordinary a proof of the power of her charms. It is certain that the lady expressed much less anger at the presumption of Monsieur F. than she had previously done, and her lover could hardly boast that his arm was invigorated by the encouraging smiles of his ladylove. The two aspirants met. We, of course, cannot determine the cause of the result, whether Monsieur F. was the better swordsman, or the lover depressed by the coolness of the Signora, but it is certain that Monsieur, the miser, conquered.

Our fair readers might imagine that the lady would compensate her lover for his sufferings and mortification by her loving care and sympathy; if so, they are very much mistaken. Signora L. did no such thing. Her thoughts dwelt more on the bravery and devotion of the miser, than upon the misfortunes of her lover; she never visited him during his confinement from his wound, but, on the contrary, showed an unusual degree of apathy and unconcern. But we must return to Monsieur F.; he proceeded to his house a conqueror, but what was conquest to him if he could not reap its appropriate fruits? Long and serious were his reflections. What chance was there that he could win the object of his passion? He feared that the lady's heart was impregnable. He hoped that, if he made an offer of his hand, it would be accepted, and his Signora make a virtuous wife. He resolved to make the experiment. He wrote another bill of a more respectful nature than the first; he apologized for his former impertinence, and tendered his hand. It was accepted, and Signora L. became Madame F., to the infinite amusement and amazement of the good people of Marseilles. As for Monsieur F., he seemed a changed character! He filled his fine old mansion with new and splendid furniture, and set up a magnificent equipage, which eclipsed anything ever seen in Marseilles. Balls, routs, and parties were given in rapid succession, and Monsieur F. thought himself a happy man. The honeymoon passed swiftly away; in the meantime the unfortunate lover of Madame F. had recovered from his wound, but not from that caused by the baseness and ingratitude of his mistress. It so happened, that when Marseilles had just ceased to talk about the "Miser Married," that Madame F. was invited to a party where her former lover was also a guest. Judge her confusion and dismay. But these soon wore away. Her lover was as polite as if Madame F. had been a perfect stranger. She gradually recovered her self possession, and entered into gay conversation with her discarded swain. Monsieur F. was delighted. His lady's cheerfulness was a sure sign that her heart was his own. Poor Monsieur F. How he was mistaken! Propinquity is a dangerous thing. The next day the inconstant Madame F. had fled—Monsieur F. was food for the laughter of the Marseillais. He was inconsolable.

THE GREYHOUND.—This animal takes the first in rank among dogs; that it was formerly esteemed so appears from the forest laws of King Canute, who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound. Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species: when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favorite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former. The variety called the Highland greyhound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. The handsomest whelps seldom turn out the finest and swiftest dogs. The following were the rules formerly observed in their choice:—In choosing a whelp, weight was the criterion, it being judged that the lightest would prove the most nimble and best. Raw-boned, lean, loose-made, unseemly whelps, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas, those that, after three or four months, appeared round, close-trussed, and well built in every part, seldom proved swift or comely; bitches were also observed to be more speedy than dogs. At twelve months old, begin to try and train them to their game. At two years old, the greyhound is full grown; and the choice of one at that age is to be directed by the fineness of the skin, the softness of the hair; the long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eye downward; the eye full and clear, with large eyelids; small ears; the neck long and bending, like a drake, with a loose hanging wassand; the breast broad; the body neither too long nor too large; the back straight and square, having a rising in the middle; the belly small, shoulders broad, ribs round with a long space between the hips; a strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and the fore-legs straighter than the hinder.

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A TRIP TO LONDON BY SAIL.

Going Up the Thames.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave!"

CONTINUED.

On the 2d of October, we were in a dead calm, with nothing but the tide to depend on for navigation; that changed every six hours, and unless the anchor be dropped, there is the same chance of drifting backward as forward—rather slow business at the best. Orders were now given to clean up the decks, and cover up the pigs, so that the "visitors" might not be annoyed with such an ungracious sight; they pretended there was no time to do this at sea, not withstanding the job didn't take an hour altogether. All the spare time was occupied in making the main anchor-chain, a custom he never omits, to let the folks know at home he's coming; it would have been a little better than nothing, even if one of the "J. D."s had tried their hand, for, as true as there's a heaven, the old man would have given them all he could towards "settling their haak." We were bothered with a big nondescript crew, belonging to the first mate, until this demonstration, but at the first he gave two lively motions to the mainmast, and he was off, bounding on the galleys, and staid there for three days without showing himself. The same day we obtained a tolerable view of Brighton, a noted watering place, 60 miles from London, where covered wagons serve to dress and undress in, and take out bathers a tolerable distance from shore before their modesty permits them to immerse. This spolia shelf the amusement to be enjoyed at Saratoga, Long Branch, or Coney's romantic life. It was here we got our first impression of Cockney aristocracy, by a pleasure yacht bearing down on us with a cargo of them; the men all seemed to be overburdened with too much head or hat, while the females wore the pork pie hat, had their hair all at the back, and carried in a net, with a veil all the way round. This style is very fashionable, it appears, and when a feather or two is added, they do look like the "fairies" of the land, giving their cambrics a swirl or two, while the girls wear their head gear, but all the return was a quizzing with eye-glasses and long-ropes, as though we were a load of "What is it?" on exhibition. When for half a crown a return ticket is given from London to Brighton, and the yacht may be had for sixpence or a shilling each, there can be no occasion for the rope brake, and the "fairies" are evinced; there are none who understand the value of a rope brake, but the Brighton folks themselves, and when they have a fair chance to tap them in proportion to the airs affected, they do so. Of all things, save from a "counterfeit" Cockney swell! All Thursday night the watch were kept busy sounding, on account of the great draught of water the ship required to sail in, but we hadn't tried over six times before the rope brake, and with it went the last—another one shared a similar fate; the pump was in operation of order more than ever, and though there was much water in the bottom, not a drop could be brought up, while it kept increasing every hour; this occurred sometimes at sea, when we all felt alarmed, for the pump was defective before leaving port; on the water, loaded, they have no way of getting at this part to repair it, but trust entirely to the pump, and the result would be a complete failure of four more added. The captain now became anxious for a pilot, for he had got about as far as he felt safe to go. The next day, Friday, all the old lead—some thirty pounds in all—was gathered to melt for a sonder, the while our ship lay opposite Hastings, of battle fame; in the morning the steam tug Enterprise, a neat, trim built iron boat, came over a job, the captain—taking note of her—climbed aboard, staid three hours, got his dinner, and after all couldn't agree on the terms; Sawney wanted £60 or \$300, to tow us 175 miles, which Bolus wouldn't give, and making an offer of £40 he let Scotty travel, after buying some coal from him; it was from the Enterprise we first learned of the Great Eastern's accident, wretchedly off her paddles, putting in at Queenstown for repairs, and of the tanker who saved his life by hissing her way down the river. As night approached, tacking was resumed, also soundings with the lead; there is a solemnity about many things aboard ship, and this sounding is an instance; every few minutes, when in bed, the measured cry of "Hav' watch there—watch!" could be heard passed along the ship's side by a dozen different voices, then a painful stillness till the next order, "fasten the watches!" the passengers about our safety and the danger of running aground. In addition to the usual lights, a blue one was fastened to the mast head as a signal for a pilot, rockets were also let off, but through the fog, our signs were of no use until the cannon was brought out again, and an extra charge put in—then a dozen came in succession, but only one could be taken, of course. My sleep was so sound that, although the cannon shook the ship, and woke every body, and was stationed directly over my bunk, I never heard it. I had three dreams the same night; in the first, I saw the Great Eastern repairing in dock; the second, our pilot held a conversation on American affairs; the third, I witnessed a fight between Heenan and Mace in the City Hall Park; after an hour's sparring, only one blow was struck, and that by Heenan—the crowd became disgusted and threw cabbage in the ring; Heenan got wild and attempted to hang Mace up to the first tree, but Jem got away with his legs and John Apollo glided for his conduct; I also shook hands with young Barney Aaron (a curious amusement for one night, wasn't it?) Saturday morning the channel pilot had come on in reality—an easy going green grocer in appearance, neatly gotten up in a drab suit, with a voice like a woman; he looked everything else but my idea of a pilot, and disappointed us all. Nevertheless he probably knew his business quite as well as those more rough to the eye. There are some seven hundred of these channel pilots organized into a company, who are classified by the amount of water a ship draws, certain men piloting in twelve feet draft, and so on upwards; ours was nineteen feet, and required a smart man to get her through. By thus banding together they have succeeded in conducting the ocean shipping to London instead of Southampton, although if the latter place were adopted, many accidents might be prevented, and the voyage shortened considerably, but it would also throw three 700 out of employment, besides all the flames pilots. The tug Uucle Sam tried to hitch on opposite Deal (the most irregularly constructed town I ever beheld, with every other house a wing higher than the last), and was towed in till Sunday, the cap ain didn't dare any company join them. Heechy Head had been got round, and the old man, with a pilot, felt perfectly easy; a revolving light is stationed on a rock at this point, visible apparently overhead, so closely do ships pass under it. Here I introduce one of the old man's coos:—"While gazing at the sunset on lights visible on Friday night he waddled up to us, and asked: 'Which is the best light in the channel?' One said, 'Edystone; another, Start Point; while I put in Bechy Head.' 'No; you're all wrong; it's Daylight!' and Bolus laughed till his fat sides shook up and down, which got so infectious that we all indulged in a hearty laugh, and felt none the worse for it. We had a very fine view of Dover Castle, the great stone point of the coast, and the pride of all England. Opposite there is the narrowest part of the channel, being only twelve miles across, while at its widest, the measurement is 150 miles. A steamer plies from Dover to Calais twice a day, and one happened to be going across the straits just as we passed. The walls of Dover Castle extend for miles, and all along, the ground is undermined; it is deeply entrenched, could stand any amount of firing, and there are said to be seven years' provisions here, but the best light in the channel is the Queen's Head pocket light (the largest gun that is known in the world), which bears the well known motto: "Sponge me well and keep me clean, and I'll carry you to the Cape of Good Hope." The town of Dover looks very pretty, with its bridge, churches, tunnel, and snug little

houses; and as the Castle is approached, we were equally pleased with both. In Dover Straits a vessel is completely at the mercy of the sea; the waves are projected through the straits and flowing on the towers, while if contrary winds prevail, from the small space to tack in, she would soon be dashed to pieces. The French coast is very poorly guarded, which appears the more strange when noticing the threatening language of the Pocket-Pistol. It is this intricacy of the English Channel which prevents other countries from meddling as much as they otherwise might. If some but regular apprentices twelve year pilots understand properly how to navigate the same, it stands to reason that one unacquainted with every current or knowing the different depths, must soon become a wreck, with even a moderate breeze. It oftentimes takes a month to get to London from first sighting land, not over four hundred miles at the most; head winds, storms, and calms soon exhaust the most patient, and it is doubly aggravating to have land on each side, but unable to reach either with safety. It is quite common for steamers to take coal, water, and provisions, to ships in a calm not a dozen miles from shore; when our anchor was dropped at night, we expected at least another week of it. Sunday morning at ten o'clock, the tug "Toby" was engaged to drag us from Broadstairs to London for £28, or \$140, after having laid by us from midnight; the reason of this being, "Toby" had just towed a ship out to sea, and was glad to take us at the captain's own price, rather than be without employment going back to her. There must be a large profit in shipping, when, in addition to dockage, sailors' and officers' pay, cost of provisions, etc., together with wear and tear, some \$300 has to be paid over for pilots and tugs. We were now in the most critical part of the channel, near Ramsgate, opposite the Goodwin Sands—a long streak of sand made famous by the immortal Shakespeare in one of his plays; they are the mariners' dread, for if a ship does get on there in a fog or storm, down she goes, the ground receding by inches, until the vessel disappears forever. Near this spot the P. R. got aground once, and though doing little visible damage, it cost £3000 to repair her, of which the Insurance paid £2000, and the Company £1000; at the same time two others were in the same fix, and one totally lost. Around Liverpool there are similar reefs of shifting sands, equally, if not more dangerous than the Goodwin. Inaugurating a voyage, I thought it best to take a short cruise, and from various suspicious motions of two of the passengers, we prepared for any strange party who should happen to get in our cabin by mistake. In a voyage, whether by steamer or ship, it is absolutely necessary, the last few days and nights, never to leave sight of your luggage on any account, without a friend to watch it, for if there are thieves (and it is best to trust nobody too much) this is the time they ply their trade. One will call your attention to a fine cast or any little thing, to draw you to the side, and then his "pal" will operate, although the same parties may have professed unheard-of friendship all through the voyage; in this way they get all their points, all ready for use at the proper time. Above all things, never show any valuables, or make any intimation you have such things, if you would prevent the parties we were watching from treble hand money; he was always telling of his wealth, and his trunk they were after; as an excuse, one would come to beg a biscuit, another a drink of water, and when inside, their eyes look in everything. They soon discovered we were on the quai, and gave up in despair. Monday morning brought one of the dearest fog known even in this foggy country, thick enough to cut almost; this was laid at the pilot's door, because he didn't keep moving all night instead of anchoring. Mr. Drab had to put up with some very pointed remarks about his carelessness, many audibly saying, had an American pilot undertaken the office, we might have been in dock before it came on, and other allusions to the "slow and sure people; none took it to heart more than Capt. H., and he was at him all day, but the "cautious man" paid no heed, thinking he knew his own business, and not caring to get in danger of losing his situation; after the pilot comes on, he assumes all responsibility, and is not supposed to close his eyes, while the captain has no more authority than a passenger. Julien Cook had all in readiness for going ashore, was dressed to his eyes, and several had written letters notifying their friends to meet them, which he was to post on landing; he was doubly disappointed, and poured down his feelings in "slow-coach" fast and thick. About noon a row boat, bearing the appropriate title, "Never Despair," T. Jennings, fastened to our ship, and the owner staid till dark waiting for custom, wanting double any one cared to pay; rather than reduce the tariff he went empty away, as he deserved. Throughout the day a hand was kept continually at ringing our bell, and all around us other bells were ringing, whistles blowing, gongs sounding, and horns making fearful noises; steamers moved about at a slow pace, and as their warning sounded near and nearer, without being able to see the length of our own vessel, we looked inquiringly at each other, as much as to say: "Now look for a collision!" Every half hour, the mate would bellow: "Lay ast here, one of 'yez, and go ast to see if you can make out their vessels!" in answer to which, after the "Aye, aye, sir," one of them ran up, put the fog on the "Gorilla," "couldn't make 'em out." As night approached, the danger increased, not so much from moving bodies (for they know where vessels are at anchor by a strong reflecting light on each topmast) as from those at anchor. Towards night we were astonished at hearing a dog bark in the distance, and gradually becoming plainer; hearing no bells or anything, it seemed to us that in a few moments we should be in the fog, drifting towards us, and an unusual display of "battering" and belling the moment they saw their peril. "Where in thunder are you coming to?" almost simultaneously came from the two captains' speaking trumpets, for they didn't appear to think it was their brig dragging anchor, but ours. "Give her a chain!" sang out the mate, as she came within twenty feet of us, and over went a necktie, to keep the two vessels from damaging the sides; then he ordered more chain for our anchor, thinking we might possibly be moving and that was given, but luckily the brig stopped for a little, and then drifted out of sight again. In this way we were harassed all night, first with this, and then with one on the other side, until daybreak. When the fog cleared, "Toby" found us again, and off we started, after heaving up the anchor.—To be continued.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess books, which we will forward post paid at the price named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo pp. 21, edited by Miron J. Hazlitt, Esq., 75 cents. READER'S DINK CHAMBERS, pp. 50 by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, pp. 100, Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
E. W. BRYANT.—Many thanks for your last, with batch of games and news items. J. A. L.'s last "mainball" at hand; very agreeable. Of course we look to you for full accounts of the forthcoming events named. All success to him. Tell that other "feller" to come on, too. Send him a N. Y. paper. Will write you next time.

S. LOTT.—If found, will you have the kindness to send us "those" cut-things from the Musical World, to South Danbury, N. H.

Some one has sent us a game between Messrs R. and O., which is very neatly written, but "not up to the standard" for publication.

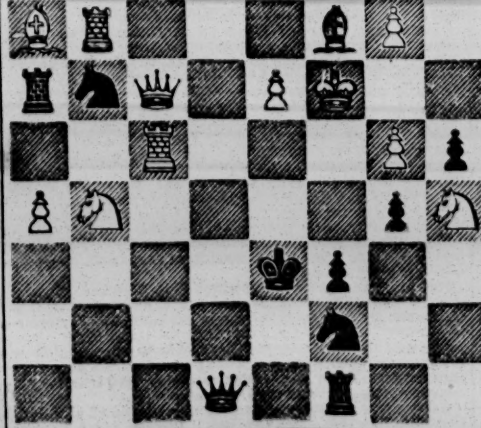
THEO. M. BROWN.—Answered by mail, and book forwarded from South Danbury, N. H.

J. McLEAS.—Hurry up that letter, long overdue; can't you send "summat" for our column?

PROBLEM No. 307.

From the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT." Respectfully inscribed to FRANK QUEEN, Esq., by JOHN McLEAS.

WHITE.



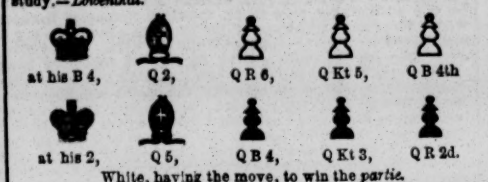
BLACK.

Back to play and give mate in six moves.

ENIGMA No. 307.

Is endgame of games where only Bishops and Pawns are on the board? Bishops on different colors generally lead to draws; but when two adverse Bishops are on the same color, the question of

victory depends upon the position of the Pawns on both sides. The following excellent position is very instructive and well worth study.—Lewentz.



White, having the move, to win the partie.

BLINDFOLD PLAY IN THE BROOKLYN CLUB.—According to announcement, Mr. Leonard gave an exhibition of his powers of "blindfold" chess playing in the Brooklyn C. C., on Saturday evening, 30th ult.

On this occasion he encountered six antagonists at once, as follows:—

1. Mr. Matthews, 4. Mr. Chadwick,
2. Mr. Caldwell, 5. Mr. Meyers,
3. Mr. Badger, 6. Mr. Gallop.

Mr. Leonard won against No. 1 and 3, lost in 4 and 5, and drew with 2 and 6. Our correspondent sends us the following interesting and satisfactory account of the occasion:—

"I send you all the games but No. 4, in which, after L. had won the Q for a Kt and B, he played his own Q 'into the jaws' of a P—and lost of course. On the whole I think he had reason to be satisfied with the result. Some good play, on his part, was shown—for instance, the ingenious way in which he attempted to win a P, at the 17th move on Board No. 3—a move which would have occurred to every player, even on the board. The incidents of the evening were all pleasant. Umpire, I think there was none—none required. Perfect silence reigned the entire evening; one could even hear the velvet-deadened P's move on the tables, so still was the room. I told L. afterwards, that I thought he must have felt more embarrassed by the dead silence of the room, broken only by a footfall on the carpet or a loud 'tick' in some one's pocket, than by all the 'clatter' at the 'Morphy's.' Messrs. Perrin and R. were in attendance all the evening. The play lasted from 8 to 12:30. The evening's entertainment was perfect."

Below will be found the scores of No. 3 and 6. Mr. L. was again to contest at once at the "Morphy" on the 7th inst., and on the 11th (Wed.) 6 or 8 at the N. Y. Chess Club. We shall have an account of each occasion, and a selection of the best games. These feasts eclipse all—but Morphy and Paulsen.

GAME NO. 307.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Board No. 3 of James A. Leonard's blindfold match against six players at once, at the Brooklyn Chess Club, Sat. eve., Nov. 30, '61.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Mr. Badger.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Mr. Badger.
1. P to K4	P to K4	15. K R to K5	P to Q6
2. P to K4	P to K4	16. Kt-KR3	P-QB4
3. K-K-B3	K-B4	17. Q-B-K7+	P-home
4. K-B4	P-Q3	18. Q-B6	P-B5
5. Castles	Q-B-K5	19. K-R-B+	K-B2
6. P-K5	P-P	20. K-R-K7+	K-K3
7. B-B-P+	K-B-Bq	21. Q-some	K-R3
8. B-B-P+	K-B-Bq	22. K-K4+	K-B2
9. P-Q3	Q-K-Q2	23. Q-K-K4	K-R-K5
10. B-P-P	B-Q-P	24. K-R-K1	K-Q5
11. Q-K-R3+	K-B-Bq	25. Q-K-B5+	K-B-R5
12. B-K-K5	Q-her Bq	26. K-K6+	K-B2
13. K-K5	K-P-K1	27. K-K-B+	K-B-R5
14. Q-K-Q2	Q-B-K7	28. Q-R7, mate.	

This is the game referred to by our correspondent. Its duration was four hours.

Board No. 6 of the same match.

Leonard.	Gallop.	Leonard.	Gallop.
1. P to K4	P to K4	12. Q to K-K4	P to Q4
2. Q-K-B3	P-Q3	13. Q-R5+	Q-K-K3
3. P-K-B4	P-K-B4	14. Q-Q-P	P-Q-B3
4. K-K-B3	Q-K-B3	15. Q-K-B4	K-B3
5. K-B-K5	Q-B-Q2	16. K-K-P	Castles, Q-R
6. K-B-Kt	Q-B2	17. P-Q3	R-Q4
7. Castles	Q-K2	18. Q-K-K3	Q-K5
8. B-P-K-P	P-K2	19. Q-K-K3	K-K-B3
9. K-K-Q4	Q-K-P	20. K-K-B5	K-B-home
10. K-K-B4	Q-her B4+	21. P-K-B3	P-K-K3
11. K-B-R3	P-K-K1	22. P-K-B3	R-B2, and owing to the lateness of the hour, Mr. L. proposed a draw.

The twentieth partie of the great Kolisch-Paulsen match.

Kolisch.	Paulsen.	Kolisch.	Paulsen.
1. P to K4	P to K4	10. K to his R5	Q-B3
2. K-K-B3	Q-K-B3	11. Q-K-B3	Q-K3
3. K-B4	K-B4	12. Q-K-K3	B-Q-K1
4. Castles	K-K-B3	13. B-P-B	K-K-Q2(a)
5. P-Q3	P-Q3	14. K-K-Q2	P-K4
6. P-Q3	Castles	15. K-K-P	K-R4
7. Q-K-K5	Q-K-B3	16. K-R4	Q-K-R
8. Q-K-Q2	P-K-R3	17. Q-K-B3	K moves
9. Q-K4	Q-K2	18. Q-K-P, and Mr. P. resigns.	

(a) Perhaps Kt to K5th would have been better play, when the following variation would have, in all probability, ensued:—
14. Q to her 2 P to K-B4 16. Q-Kt P-Kt
15. P-K-R3 17. P-B3, and the position of the Defence is, to say the least, in no wise inferior to that of his antagonist.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most useful, instructive, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. \$3. Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. Clipper, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S STEPS GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the Clipper Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game in full, beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, 48 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES O. GRIM, Brooklyn, E. D.—Stamps received. Elements will be forwarded at once to your address.

P. M. HARVICH, Harwich, P. O., C. W.—We await your pleasure. Did you observe the remarks of "Onia"?

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 34.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 13 9	13 9	3. 27 20	18 27
2. 20 16	12 19	4. 31 6, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 4th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1. 28 24	20 27
2. 26 22, and wins.	

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN ALONZO AND E. F. S.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
Alonzo.	E. F. S.	Alonzo.	E. F. S.
1. 11 15	22 18	9. 10 15	19 10
2. 15 22	25 18	10. 6 15	32 28
3. 8 11	29 25	11. 16 19	23 16
4. 4 18	25 22	12. 12 19	26 23
5. 9 14	21 19	13. 19 26	30 23
6. 8 12	27 24	14. 1 6	31 27(a)
7. 9 13	24 19	15. 9 14	18 9
8. 4 8	28 24	16. 5 14 and wins.	

(a) 24 to 19 draws; 31 to 27 loses.

GAME BETWEEN E. F. S. AND FOO FOO.

FIVE.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
E. F. S.	Foo Foo.	E. F. S.	Foo Foo.
1. 11 15	22 17	10. 10 17	19 3
2. 9 14	23 19	11. 11 16	27 23(b)
3. 5 9	17 13	12. 1 6	23 18
4. 14 18	21 17	13. 9 13	32 27
5. 9 14	25 21	14. 10 15	18 15
6. 8 12	26 23	15. 16 20	24 19
7. 3 8	23 19	16. 22 26	30 23
8. 6 22	21 17	17. 17 22	28 18
9. 14 21	23 14	White wins.	

(a) 13 to 22 draws—American Draught Play.

(b) 24 to 20 wins in A. D. P.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND MYTH.

Black—Acceptance.	White—Myth.
12. 11 15	24 28
13. 15 24	28 19

Black—Acceptance.

White—Myth.

12. 11 15

older times, made sympathetic to men whose lives are crowded with emotions, struggles, pleasures and sorrows such as the feverish life we live in presents. He is the school of truth—the classical is the reign of the ideal. Mr. Dillon's Othello disappointed us. Made his debut in California, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, October 21, 1861, as "Belphegor."

CHARLES WALTER COULDOCK.

Born in Long Acre, London, April 26th, 1815. His father died when our hero was but four years of age—he was then taken by a near relative and educated in Doctor's Commons. At the age of fourteen he was placed in a wholesale silk warehouse in Newgate street. In this business he remained until he was nearly 20 years of age, when he made his first appearance on any stage, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, as "Othello." After the performance a meeting was convened of Mr. C.'s business friends and companions, and they not only advised him to adopt the stage as a profession, but presented him with a very handsome sum for a wardrobe. He then commenced his probation; his first engagement was in a Mr. Rogers' company, then acting at the Theatre Royal, Nags Head, Farnham; this engagement he paid Sims, the agent £2 for procuring—and he, in return for his acting, was to receive 15 shillings per week—the latter part of the agreement was, however, never kept.

From this company he went into Jackson's Circuit, and having one year's experience, was allowed by the Shakespeare Club to play "Hotspur," "Antonio," and "Iago," at their performances, at the St. James, Drury Lane, and Italian Opera House. He was now recognized in the profession and acted the "leading business" at Gravesend, Dover, Southampton, Exeter, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham. At the last named place he first met Miss Charlotte Cushman, and was engaged from that theatre to accompany her to this country.

Previously to sailing for this land he had an attack of Rheumatism, which nearly cost him the sight of his right eye. He soon after followed Miss Cushman to this country, and made his first appearance before an American audience, during the season of 1849-'50, at the Broadway Theatre, New York; made his first appearance in Philadelphia, May 27th, 1850, at the Arch, as "Fazio." A strong prejudice existed against him, principally on account of Charlotte Cushman having preferred an English actor, but he soon entirely removed that, by his public talent, and his worth—and he is now considered in New York as well as in Philadelphia, one of the very best actors on the stage. A word in regard to his private character—no man upon the American stage enjoys more complete confidence and esteem of a larger number of influential and appreciating friends—friends whose confidence and support have been gained by no studied effort on the part of Mr. C., but won by his goodness of heart, his elegant talents, his rare virtues, and his quiet unobtrusiveness. To know Mr. C. is to esteem him. Well educated, extensively read, possessed of a retentive memory, and an easy, self-possessed communicativeness, he is a most agreeable companion, and a sincere friend.

[Next week, Barry Sullivan.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES.

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN.

Jem Burn—Nephew to Ben Burn of the P. R.—His Early Career, and Battle with Tom O'Neal.

In Darlington, in the county of Durham, on the 15th of March, 1804, "My Nery" first made his entrance into life; but we have not heard whether any particular omens were observed at his birth, or that any public rejoicings took place in the neighborhood, to celebrate the event. Like other little boys, in due time, Jem got upon his pins; and, in the course of a few years, he became quite familiar with the use of his hands. In fact, in the vicinity of Darlington, his playfellows said, Jem "had got a knack of hitting;" and he exercised his wrists so nimbly, that it was generally admitted amongst his immediate friends, Young Burn would have made a most excellent drummer. But fate decreed it otherwise; and, at a proper age, Jem turned out to earn an honest penny, and was apprenticed to a skiver, or skinner, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was during Jem's residence at the above place, that he obtained the appellation of a "good one," by his repeated successes in numerous skirmishes. A man of the name of Gibson, who had taken the shine out of several hard chaps, and was viewed by the lovers of the Art of Self-Defence in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as a troublesome customer, entered the ring with Jem, in the fields, flustering himself that he would soon "serve out" Burn, as he had done all his previous opponents, but, after a tremendous battle of one hour and twenty minutes, Gibson was compelled to surrender to our hero.

One Jackson, a strong athletic fellow, and a bit of a milling cove, had a turn-up with Jem, at Newcastle; and, for two hours, proved himself a most dangerous adversary; but he was so much beaten at the conclusion of the battle, as to require assistance to quit the scene of action. By this conquest over Jackson, Jem Burn raised himself in the estimation of the Provincial Fancy.

Brown, a wrestler, who arrived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne with several of his companions to decide some matches, and display other feats of agility, entered the lists with Jem. But, in the space of twenty-five minutes, Brown was cleverly disposed of; and Burn little the worse, if any, for the mill. Jem soon afterwards bade adieu to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the "great and powerful city of London," and, as a matter of course, fixed his headquarters at "Mine Uncle Ben's" lush crib, the Rising Sun, Windmill Street, Haymarket; at which place he was received with open arms; a good larder always at hand; a hearty welcome from the staunch pals of Ben; a drop of the right sort to cheer his spirits—and London, gay London, before him, with lots of matches, and fame in perspective. Upon the arrival of Jem in the Metropolis, his "Uncle Ben" did not suffer him to remain long in obscurity, but introduced him to the milling circles, as a "lad of mettle;" also possessing great fighting capabilities; and who might, ultimately, obtain the championship. With this recommendation to the Sporting World, Jem was matched with "Big O'Neal," for £25 a side. Tom O'Neal was under the patronage of Jack Langan. This battle was decided in a field near Chertsey Bridge, twenty miles from London, on Monday, July 26, 1824. At the appointed time, O'Neal appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, followed by Langan and Crawley, as his seconds; and Young Burn was close upon his heels, attended by his Uncle and Oliver. The Irishman was the favorite, 5 and 6 to 4. The colors, green for O'Neal, and a light blue spot upon a chocolate ground for Burn, were tied to the stakes.

Round 1. On stripping, it was an odds in favor of O'Neal; it was a horse to a don by comparison; indeed, it was said, that it was a shame for Burn to have matched his nephew with a man of such superior weight. "Now, young one, can you fight, I know, and we'll soon tell you all about it," replied Ben. Burn went to work with considerable judgment, and commenced with milling on the retreat, Cribb's favorite mode. Burn put in two nobbers and got away; when O'Neal, like a novice in general, kept following his opponent all over the ring, and asping punishment at every step. Till the Young One was bored upon the corner of the ropes, when he dropped down. [Loud shouting for Burn; and "My Uncle quite proud of his nephew."]

O'Neal wiped his peeper; in fact, he had received a nasty one between both his eyes, that had placed them on the winking establishment. Pat, however, met Burn with a smart jobber on his nose, which convinced the Yorkshireman, that he must avoid O'Neal's cunning eye, as much as possible, or else his fine face would be of no service to him; but Burn soon returned the blow with interest. The Sprig kept the ring well, and Pat was compelled to run all over the ground to make a blow. Burn went down from a slight hit.

3. The mug of O'Neal was altered a little; the claret was streaming down his temple, and his hat was damaged. Burn fought in great style, he made a number of good hits without any return. The Irishman was bothered; he got a lick every now and then, and he looked about him, as much as to say—"Where the devil did that pot come from?" Burn finished the round by going down.

4 to 10. In all these rounds, except the last, Burn had the "best of it;" and it was evident, if he strength stayed with him, he could not lose the battle, but he was getting weak. Burn was hit cleanly down. "That's the way," said Langan, "do that again, and I can make money by you, it is only to floor you for the butchers."

11 to 15. The mug of O'Neal was sadly disfigured, and he was almost a blinder. He gave every chance away, instead of fighting his opponent. "Let's bow in," said the Sprig of the East, who was close to the ring, "we'll never go for a truce, especially when he has got weight on his side. O'Neal ought to be paced close to a man, and told to hit out, and never leave off till he has put the gilt on his antagonist." Burn, after bestowing all the pepper he was able on O'Neal's face, went down very weak.

16 to 20. The gamecess of O'Neal could not be questioned; and, although he had a fighter, he was backed as a favorite on account of his strength. He got Burn down, and fell heavily upon him.

21 to 25. The last round was the best contested during the battle; the Irishman at length, though nearly blind, administered some pepper in return to his opponent, and his Burn down.

26. It was anybody's battle at this period. Burn was getting extremely weak, and O'Neal in such a dizzy state, that he threw most of his blows away. The fighting of Burn was highly praised; he planted three or four nobbers on the sore places. But the Yorkshire Sprig was hit down.

27 to 33. O'Neal was nearly in the dark, and Burn nobbed him as he thought proper; in fact, the Irishman was completely at the mercy of the fists of his opponent. O'Neal went down in a state of stupor, and Langan could scarcely get him up. "Take the game fellow away!"

31. O'Neal was quite abroad—he could not see his opponent, and, in making a hit at nothing, he fell forward on the ground.

32. And last, O'Neal left his second's knee, and turned away from the scratch. He was completely blind. Over in fifty minutes. Langan gave in for him.

OBSERVATIONS.—Great credit was given to Young Burn, not only for the pluck he manifested throughout the battle, but the science he displayed, and the mode he exhibited to win the battle; no better judgment having been displayed upon any occasion. It may be urged, that he had nothing to fight against but weight; yet, if that weight had been brought up to him on setting-to every round, there was a great probability that that weight would have so reduced his exertions, as to have prevented all Young Burn from proving the conqueror. O'Neal did all a brave man could do. He proved himself an excellent taker, and there is some merit even in that quality belonging to a man who enters the P. R. There have been several fine fighters who did not possess the taking part of milling, but who have been most liberal in giving, gratis, handfuls of punishment to their opponents. But to give and not receive is one of the secrets of Prize Fighting.

PATRIOTIC BRAVES AND HEROIC WOMEN.

One of the prominent departments in the war is that of scouting or "secret services." No other branch of the service requires men of more nerve, endurance and daring than this; and probably in respect to possessing men of this stamp, the Western department is particularly fortunate. The branch of secret service is in charge of Col. Richardson, who has in his employ a large number of men, generally natives of Missouri, and thoroughly acquainted with all portions of the State, and who are prepared on all occasions to adapt themselves to circumstances—to be secessionists, travelers, negro-buyers—to skulk days and weeks in the "brush"—to constantly carry their lives in their hands, and always to be ready for any emergency. There are several men in the State who have made themselves famous by their success in the capacity of guides and scouts. Among these is John L. Consalus, a resident of the State for some years, but whose relatives are prominent citizens of the western portion of Saratoga County, New York. Another one is William Wells, also a Missourian, a man of gigantic stature, infinite daring and endurance, and who, as well as Consalus, will be remembered by all who shared the expedition of General Lyon from Booneville to Springfield. Both these men have incurred dangers and met with adventures that would give high interest to the pages of romance. Another gentleman who has obtained considerable prominence as a scout and soldier, is Major Clark Wright, who commands a squadron of the same character as himself. Major Wright moved from Ohio to Polk County, Missouri, in 1858, and buying a large amount of prairie, commenced the business of stock raising. He was just before married to a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and determination, who proved herself eminently fitted for the duties which their new life imposed upon them. He prospered greatly, and in a short time had erected a fine house, furnished it in the best style possible, had two young children, an amiable wife, a good home and was adding rapidly to an originally large fortune. Last winter, when the roar of secession came up from South Carolina, he heard it in common with others of his neighbors, but while avowing himself in favor of sustaining the Union, he determined to attend strictly to his own business. He had no hesitation in expressing his sentiments of loyalty to the Government, but he did it quietly, and with a view not to give offence. Soon after, at a Baptist meeting near his residence, a few of the brethren, after refreshing their spiritual appetites with the crumbs of the sanctuary, took his case into consideration, and unanimously determined that he should be made to leave the country, appointing a committee of three to inform him of their decision. One of the party, although an ardent secessionist, happened to be a personal friend of Wright, and hastening away, informed him of the meeting, and that the committee would wait on him the next day, Monday. Wright thanked his kind friend, and then, like a dutiful husband, laid the case before his wife, and asked her advice. She pondered a few moments, and then asked him if he had done anything to warrant such a proceeding. Nothing. "Then let us fight!" was the reply, and to fight was the conclusion. Wright was plentifully supplied with revolvers; he took two, and his wife another, loaded them carefully, and waited further developments. Monday afternoon three men rode up and inquired for Mr. Wright. He walked out, with the butt of a revolver sticking wadly from his pocket, and inquired their wishes. The revolver seemed to upset their ideas. They answered nothing in particular, and proceeded to converse upon everything in general, but never alluded to their errand. Finally after a half hour had passed, and the men still talked on without coming to the mission, Wright grew impatient, and asked if they had any special business; if not, he had a pressing engagement, and would like to be excused. Well, they had a little business, said one, with considerable hesitation, as he glanced at the revolver butt.

"Stop!" said Wright, "before you tell it, I wish to say a word. I know your business, and I just promised my wife on my honor as a man that I would blow h—l out of the man who told me of it, and by the eternal God, I'll do it! Now tell me your errand?" and as he concluded he pulled out his revolver and cocked it. The fellow glanced a moment at the deadly looking pistol, and took in the stalwart form of Wright, who was glaring at him with murder in his eye, and concluded to postpone the announcement. The three rode away, and reported the reception to their principals. The next Sunday, after another refreshing season, the brethren again met and took action upon the contumacy of Mr. Wright. The captain of a company of secessionists was present, and after due deliberation, it was determined that upon the next Thursday he should take his command, proceed to Wright's, and summarily eject him from the sacred soil of Missouri. Wright's friend was again present, and he soon communicated the state of affairs to Mr. W., with a suggestion that it would save trouble and bloodshed if he got away before the day appointed. Wright lived in a portion of the country remote from the church and the residence of those who were endeavoring to drive him out, and he determined, if possible, to prepare a surprise for the worthy captain and his gallant forces. To this end he bought a barrel of whisky, another of crackers, a few cheeses, and some other provisions, and then mounting a black boy upon a swift horse, sent him around the country inviting his friends to come and see him and bring their arms. By Wednesday night he had gathered a force of about three hundred men, to whom he communicated the condition of things and asked their assistance. They promised to back him to the death. The next day they concealed themselves in a corn field, back of the house, and awaited the development of events.

A little after noon the captain and some eighty men rode up to the place and inquired for Mr. Wright. That gentleman immediately made his appearance, when the captain informed him that, being satisfied of his abolitionism, they had come to eject him from the State.

"Won't you give two days to settle up my affairs?" asked Wright.

"Two days be d—d! I'll give you just five minutes to pack up your traps and leave!"

"But I can't get ready in five minutes! I have a fine property here, a happy home, and if you drive me off you make me a beggar. I have done nothing; if I go, my wife and children must starve!"

"To h—l with your beggars! You must travel!"

"Give me two hours?"

"I'll give you just five minutes, not a second longer! If you ain't out by that time, [here the gallant soldier swore a most fearful oath,] I'll blow out your cursed abolition heart!"

"Well, if I must, I must!" and Wright turned toward the house, as if in deep despair, gave a preconcerted whistle, and almost instantly after the concealed forces rushed out and surrounded the astounded captain and his braves.

"Ah, Captain!" said Wright, as he turned imploringly towards him, "won't you grant me two hours—two hours, at least, my brave friend, only two hours, in which to prepare myself and family for beggary and starvation—now do, won't you?"

The captain could give no reply, but sat upon his horse shaking as if ague smitten.

"Don't kill me!" he at length found voice to say.

"Kill you! No, you black-livered coward, I won't dirty my hands with any such filthy work. If I kill you, I'll have one of my niggers do it! Get down from that horse!"

The gallant captain obeyed, imploring only for life. The result of the matter was that the whole company dismounted, laid down their arms, and then, as they filed out, were sworn to preserve their allegiance inviolate to the United States. An hour after, Mr. Wright had organized a force of two hundred and forty men for the war, and by acclamation was elected captain. The next Sunday he started with his command to join the national troops under Lyon, stopping long enough on his way to surround the Hard-shell Church, at which had augmented all his miseries. After the service was over, he administered the oath of allegiance to every one present, including the Reverend Pecksniff, who officiated, and then left them to plot treason and worship God in their own peculiarly pious and harmonious manner. He soon after became Major Wright, and still continues in command of the crowd he enlisted at the beginning. He is as brave as he is intelligent and indefatigable, and has already done the Government important service, both in actual conflict and in making reconnoissances and furnishing intelligence of the enemy's whereabouts, strength and intentions.

THE PUGNACITY OF THE HUMMING BIRD.—The pugnacity of the humming bird has been often spoken of; two of our species can rarely seek flowers from the same bush without a rencontre. A writer says:—I once witnessed a combat between two, which was prosecuted with much pertinacity and protracted to an unusual length. It was in the month of April, when I was spending a few days at Phoenix Park, near Savannah la Mar. In the garden were two trees of the kind called Malay apple, one of which was but a yard or two from my window. The genial influence of spring had covered them with a profusion of beautiful blossoms. A humming bird had every day and all day long been paying his devotions to these charming blossoms. On the morning to which I allude, another came, and the manoeuvres of these tiny creatures became very interesting. They chased each other through the labyrinths of twigs and flowers, till an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, till they nearly came to the earth. It was sometime before I could see with any distinctness what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the back of the one pecked the back of the other, and thus fastened, both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent the point of contact being the centre of their gyrations, till when another second would have brought them both to the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about 100 yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time—I could not help thinking in defiance. In a few minutes, however, the banished one returned and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase and another tussel. A little banana quit, that was peeping among the blossoms in his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise at the combatants, but when the one had driven his rival to a greater distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending quit, who soon yielded the point, and retired humbly enough to a neighboring tree. The war (for it was a thorough campaign, a regular succession of battles), lasted fully an hour, and then I was called away from my post of observation. Both of the humming birds appeared to be males.

SHARPSHOOTERS IN SWITZERLAND.—In Switzerland every male citizen capable of bearing arms, is obliged by law to enter the service of the State when he reaches his twentieth year, and to serve actively for eight, and partially for fourteen years. On being mustered in, each man is obliged to show his skill in rifle shooting. The best men are drafted into the jaeger companies, and placed in the wings of battalions. These are put to another test, and the best shots are transferred to the companies of *Scharfschützen* or sharpshooters, and drilled to fight as skirmishers. The Government possesses itself with a corps of men who inflict the most terrible punishment upon an enemy, by picking off their officers, and killing the artillerymen and artillery horses. These sharpshooters receive two-thirds more pay than the infantry soldiers, and being better fed and treated, are regarded with envy by the whole army, and held in great respect by their neighbors and friends. They are armed with the splendid Swiss rifle, which weighs about eleven pounds, and costs the government about 113 francs (\$21.02). The Bersaglieri, and *Cacciatori dell' Alpi* of Tyrol, bear the nearest resemblance to the Swiss *scharfschützen*, and in the recent Italian war proved their title to be held in dread by an attacking foe, for perched on cliffs where, beside them, only the chamois climbs, they rested their rifles on rocks and shrubs, and picked off their man at almost every shot. In Switzerland there are only some 14,000 sharpshooters in actual service at one time, but at least 40,000 can be had if occasion requires, by ordering out the reserves of exempt jaegers and sharpshooters who by law are required to keep in continual practice and be ready for contingencies. The 14,000 are not under 20 nor over 34 years of age, but the reserves, of course, include men of all ages.

A HINT TO SPORTSMEN.—A French journal, entitled *Faune de Tout le Monde*, makes the following explanation of a fact which has puzzled sporting men—namely, why the left barrel of a gun bursts so much more frequently than the right? The explanation is this:—The sportsman, on going out, loads both barrels, and on seeing a bird rise, fires naturally the right one; he reloads that barrel, and when he again sees a bird or hare, he fires it again, and so he does perhaps twenty times in succession. But each firing gives a shock to the charge in the left hand barrel, and at last the succession of shocks separates the wadding from the powder and shot, the consequence is that a vacuum ensues between them, and when the second barrel is fired, it frequently bursts. To prevent this danger, the recommendation is made that whenever the right hand barrel is loaded, the charge in the left hand one should always be rammed down.

MIRACULOUS.—A Leipzig journal tells us that a physician of the name of Potsdoli has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in any body's throat any desired quality or register of voice. He creates at pleasure, a bass, baritone, tenor, or soprano voice in the human larynx, by means of a slight and simple operation, quickly performed, without pain or danger; and in a week, or a fortnight at farthest, those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES.

CLIMBING.

CLIMBING is the art of transporting the body in any direction, by the aid, in general, both of the hands and feet. The climbing-stand consists of two strong poles, about fifteen feet high, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet distant, which are firmly fixed on the ground, and support a beam strongly fastened to them. One pole is two inches and a half in diameter; the other, which serves as a mast, should be considerably thicker; and both serve the purpose of climbing. To the beam are attached other implements of climbing: viz. a ladder, an inclined board, a mast, an inclined pole, a horizontal bar, a rope ladder, an upright, an inclined, and a level rope.

KINDS OF CLIMBING.

Climbing on fixed bodies should first be practised.

THE LADDER.

Exercises on the ladder may be practised in the following ways:—

1. By ascending and descending as usual.
2. With one hand, carrying something in the other.
3. Without using the hands.
4. Passing another on the front of the ladder, or swinging to the back, to let another pass.

THE INCLINED BOARD.

This should be rather rough, about two feet broad, and two inches thick. To climb it it is necessary to seize both sides with the hands, and to place the feet flat in the middle, the inclination of the board being diminished with the progress of the pupil.

At first, it may form with the ground an angle of about thirty degrees; and the climber should not go more than half-way up. This angle may gradually be augmented to a right angle, or the direction of the board may be made perpendicular. When the board is thus little or not at all inclined, the body must be much curved inward, and the legs thrust up, so that the higher one is nearly even with the hand. In descending, small and quick steps are necessary.

THE UPRIGHT POLE.

The upright pole should be about two inches and a half in diameter, perfectly smooth and free from splinters. The position of the climber is such that nothing touches the pole except the feet, legs, knees, and hands. He grasps as high as possible with both hands, raises himself by bending the body and drawing his legs up the pole, holds fast by them, extends the body, again grasps higher up with his hands, and continues the same use of the legs and arms. The descent is performed by sliding down the legs, and scarcely touching with the hands.

THE MAST.

This is more difficult, as it cannot be grasped with the hands, and it consequently should not be practised until the climber is expert in the previous exercises. The position of the legs is the same as for the pole; but, instead of grasping the mast, the climber lays hold of his left arm with his right hand, or the reverse, and clings to the mast with the whole body.

THE SLANT POLE.

This must be at least three inches thick; and as, in this exercise, the hands bear more of the weight than in climbing the upright pole, it should not be attempted until expertness in the other is acquired.

THE HORIZONTAL OR SLIGHTLY INCLINED BAR.

This may be about two inches wide at top, from ten to fifteen feet long, and supported by two posts, respectively six and seven feet high. The climber must grasp with both hands as high a part of the bar as he can reach, and, with arms extended, support his own weight as long as possible. He must next endeavor to bend the elbows so much, that one shoulder remains close under the bar. Or he may place both hands on the same side, and draw himself up so far as to see over it, keeping the legs and feet close and extended.

He may then hang with his hands fixed on both sides, near to each other, having the elbows much bent, the upper parts of the arms close to the body, and one shoulder close under the bar; may lower the head backwards, and may, at the same time, raise the feet to touch each other over the bar. In this last position, he may move the hands one before the other, forward or backward, and may either slide the feet along the bar, or alternately change them like the hands, and retain a similar hold.

Hanging also by the hands alone, he moves them either forward or backward, keeping the arms firm, and the feet close and extended. Or he may place himself in front of the bar, hanging by both hands, and move laterally. Being likewise in front of the bar, with his hands resting upon it, he may move along the bar either to the right or left, or the climber may endeavor to sit upon the bar, for instance, on the right side, by taking hold with the right knee-joint, grasping firmly with the right hand, and bringing the left arm-pit over the bar. The riding position is thus easily obtained. From the riding position, he may, by supporting himself with one thigh, turn towards the front of the bar, allowing the leg of the other side to hang down; and he may then very easily move along the bar sideways, by raising his body with his hands placed laterally on the bar.

THE ROPE LADDER.

This should have several runnels to spread it out, and ought, in all respects, to be so constructed as not to twist and entangle. The only difficulty here is that, as it hangs perpendicularly, and is flexible, its steps are liable to be pushed forward, and in that case, the body is thrown into an oblique position, and the whole weight falls on the hands. To prevent this, the climber must keep the body stretched out and upright.

THE UPRIGHT ROPE.

In this exercise, the securing the rope may be effected in various ways. In the first method the hands and feet alone are employed. The feet are crossed; the rope passes between them, and is held fast by their pressure; the hands then grasp higher; the feet are drawn up; they are again applied to the rope; and the same process is repeated. In the second, which is the sailor's method, the rope passes from the hands, generally along the right thigh, just above the knee; winds round the inside of the thigh, under the knee joint, over the outside of the leg, and across the instep, whence it hangs loose; and the climber, by treading with the left foot upon that part of the rope where it crosses the right one, is firmly supported. This mode of climbing requires the right leg and foot to be so managed that the rope keeps its proper winding whenever it is quit by the left foot. In descending, to prevent injury, the hands must be lowered alternately.

To rest upon the upright rope, the climber must swing the right foot around the rope, so as to wind it three or four times round the leg; must turn it, by means of the left foot, once or twice round the right one, of which the toes are to be bent upwards; and must tread firmly with the left foot upon the last winding. Or, to obtain a more perfect rest, he may lower his hand along the rope, hold with the right hand, stoop, grasp with the left part of the rope below the feet, raise it and himself again, and wind it round his shoulders, &c., until he is firmly supported.

THE OBLIQUE ROPE.

The climber must fix himself to the rope, and advance the hands along it, as already directed. The feet may move along the rope alternately; or one leg, hanging over the rope, may slide along it; or, which is best, the sole of one foot may be laid upon the rope and the other leg across its instep, so that the friction is not felt.

THE LEVEL ROPE.

This may have its ends fastened to posts of equal heights; and the same exercises may be performed on it.

CLIMBING TREES.

In attempting this exercise, the kind of the wood and strength of the branches must be considered. Summer is the best time for practising it, as withered branches are then most easily discerned; and even then it is best to climb low trees, until some experience is acquired. As the surface of branches is smooth, or moist and slippery, the hands must never for a moment be relaxed.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

TO THE PROFESSION.

After years of toil and trouble we have succeeded in building up a Theatrical and Show Department in the columns of the CLIPPER, which has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. We have made the CLIPPER a medium of communication between members of the profession in every quarter of the habitable globe. Relatives and friends who have lost sight of each other for months, and in some instances, years, have been enabled to resume their acquaintance and correspondence by means of information concerning their whereabouts, imparted through the CLIPPER. To make this channel of information reliable and trustworthy, has subjected us to much extra expense, and yet we have never, that we remember, solicited any advertising patronage from the profession; neither have we accepted, nor do we accept, pay for recording the movements and doings of our friends. What advertising we have received, has been given us voluntarily. When money is sent us for "notices," we either give the worth of it in our advertising department, or return it to the parties sending it.

We take this opportunity to say that as the profession look upon the CLIPPER as the only acknowledged theatrical and show-business organ in the country, it is but right and proper that they should contribute to its support by giving it a share of their advertising patronage. We do not refer to New York alone, but to all places where the drama, and concert, and minstrel halls flourish. A four or five line advertisement from each place would not be much to them, individually; while the aggregate would assist us materially, for there is no denying the fact that the war has made sad inroads upon the receipts of every paper in the country, and the CLIPPER is among the number that have suffered. Those who advertise with us are mentioned weekly in our city or general summary, without charge; those who do not advertise are also mentioned, occasionally, when there is anything of interest to communicate; but advertiser's we make it a point to keep before our readers weekly. The CLIPPER circulates all through the Union; in Europe, Australia, California, etc., etc., and performers, as well as managers, by keeping their names and business in our theatrical and show record, benefit themselves infinitely more than they do us. We throw out the suggestion to the profession, leaving the members thereof to act upon it as may suit them best.

In the meantime, advertisements or no advertisements, the CLIPPER will be run as heretofore, and information of interest to the theatrical profession is solicited from correspondents throughout the country. A "bill of the play," or a line or two, in the "hand write" of the sender, and enclosed in an envelope addressed to the New York CLIPPER, will always receive attention. Actors and actresses, minstrels, circus folks, concert and show people generally, and all others in the world of amusements, will oblige us, and consult their own interests, by keeping this department reliably posted in their "whereabouts" and "whatabouts." We make no charge, nor accept any pay, for matter inserted in this department.

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Consisting of SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, and his three sons, the most wonderful Gymnasts and Pantomimists of the age.
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.
The beautiful and talented Vocalist, Actress and Dancer.
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.

BILLY BIRCH, J. A. HERMAN, BEN COTTON,
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THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
Under the direction of
MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.

Also, Signor Carlo's great Pantomime of
THE FIEND OF THE BURNING LAKE;
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THE ENCHANTED PALACE OF MESROU.

ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet, 25 cts. Gallery, 15 cts.
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ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
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THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
IMMENSE ATTRACTION
FULL AND TALENTED COMPANY!
CHARLEY WHITE, FATTIE STEWART,
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THE DELICATE BROTHERS, the great Gymnasts.
PAUL BRILLANT and BALLET TROUPE,
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BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY.
Led by MR. JOHN LANDER.
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GREAT CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.

EVERY ARTIST A STAR.
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
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The extensive Corps de Ballet of
TWENTY YOUNG LADIES.

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Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid
assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS.

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Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to
suit customers.
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BURTON'S VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
SAAC BURTON, Proprietor.
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NEW FACES! NEW FACES!
We still adhere to the old motto—FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week—Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques,
&c., &c. Admission, 10 cts.; Orchestra Seats, 20 cts. 31¢

WINTER GARDEN.

FIFTH WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
Who are nightly greeted with brilliant and crowded audiences.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Will appear in the beautiful dramas of
ROBY O'MORE,
The popular Vaudeville entitled
LAW FOR LADIES,
And the laughable Farce of the
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In rehearsal, and will shortly be produced, the new and splendid
Fairy Spectacle called the
LAKES OF KILLARNEY;
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Written expressly for MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS. 35 11¢

BOWLEY THEATRE.
S. P. STICKNEY, Lessee and Manager.
STICKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS,
Being the only Circus Company now performing in the United States.
ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY
Is concentrated in this establishment.

PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
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ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
Consisting of
HORSEMANSHIP.

STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, and TABLEAUX.
By First Riders and Artists in the Profession.

Doors open at 6½; performances commence at 7½ o'clock.
Boxes 25 cts.; Pit 12 cts.; Gallery 10 cts.; Balcony Chairs 50 cts.
Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performances for
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HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, STUYVESANT HALL, 659 BROADWAY,
R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFIN, Proprietors.
BAND OF PICKED STRINGS.

Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a
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Read the names and be convinced.

CHARLEY FOX, W. ARLINGTON,
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J. SMITZE, and R. M. HOOLEY.

All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy legitimately performed
by the above incomparable troupe.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½. Tickets 25 cts. 35¢

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.

The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus,
and Ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in this
country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.

The company consists of the following well known artists:—
LON MORRIS, E. B. DONNIKER, E. KELLY,
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Without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated
in any similar troupe.
35 11¢ LON MORRIS, Manager.

PROFESSOR KIRBY AND SON.
The popular Gymnasts and Pantomimists; also, the most versatile
performers in this country, will negotiate upon reasonable terms
with all first class Theatrical or Concert Hall Managers. Engage-
ments to commence about the 1st of January, 1882. The following
list comprises a few of their leading acts:

FEATS OF STRENGTH AND HEAVY BALANCING!
JUGGLING, FEATS OF LIGHT BALANCING, AND TRICKS OF
DEXTERITY!
GENERAL GYMNASTICS, INCLUDING CLOWN, MOTLEY ACTS,
BUFFOONERY, &c.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE TRAPPEZ, PERCHE, &c.
VENTRILOQUISM, MAGIC, COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL SINGING,
&c., &c.

N. B.—As to doubts being entertained, as to our ability to per-
form all the above acts, or more artistically, I would say that no
engagement made by us will be considered a positive compact until
the management is fully satisfied of the fact.

REFERENCES.—Mr. Geo. Lea, of the New York Melodeon; Mr. Frank
Rivers, of Philadelphia Melodeon; Mr. Jas. Thomas, of Thomas's
Opera House, Philadelphia; Mr. Beller, of Detroit Music Hall;
Mr. Wm. B. English, Esq. National Theatre, Boston, Mass.; Mr.
James Connor, Theatrical and Literary Agent, New York; Mr. Ben
Trimble, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Managers will please address the above, "Trimble's Varieties,"
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RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELRY.

THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:
H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,
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RUDOLPH HALL, D. W. REEVES,
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Each member being selected for his superior excellence and in-
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
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Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has
the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his
direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence
of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who en-
gage with Mr. Maguire.

NOTICE.
THE NEW THEATRE, HARTFORD, CONN.
Will be opened on the 16th of Dec., by THOMAS HAMPTON, with a
FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY,
Producing (during the season) all the
FIRST-CLASS SENSATION PLAYS OF THE DAY.

Also, the LEGITIMATE DRAMA.
The entire lease of the theatre belongs to the undersigned.
Popular stars will please take notice and correspond at once. The
above Theatre is but recently built, has beautiful scenery, and all
the requisites for the production of all pieces of whatever character.
Please address, THOS. HAMPTON, Theatre, Hartford, Conn.
N. B.—It is capable of seating 1600 people. 35-21¢

OBERSIS' VARIETIES. OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

Proprietor.....J. F. OBERIST.
Stage Manager.....HARRY BAL.
Musical Director.....T. F. LUCKER.
Treasurer.....T. F. HAYES.
Business Manager.....T. J. QUINLAN. 35-51¢

CLEVELAND THEATRE.
The subscriber will open the above establishment on the 25th
Inst. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing for a
winter engagement will please address as above.

A juvenile man, an old man, a heavy man, walking, crouching,
lady, and heavy woman, are particularly invited.
N. B.—Will be happy to treat with Stars.
35 51¢ C. M. WEBB, Manager.

ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
Lessee.....JAS. FLEMING.

The above Theatre has been thoroughly renovated and decorated,
making it the handsomest, warmest, and most comfortable place of
amusement in Canada. The Winter Season will begin on the 24th
of December. Stars—Opera and Ballet Troupes—will be liberally
treated with.
Toronto, Nov. 30, 1881.

ADVERTISMENT.—COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, having re-
turned to the city from a tour of six months through the States of
New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and the Pro-
vince of Canada, is prepared to negotiate with any "Star" or
troupe to travel as business Agent for the ensuing season. Is well
posted in all the duties appertaining to an Agent. Address
him at this office.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every
Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211
8th Avenue. 35 30¢ H. ROLPA, President.

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, having concluded a most brilliant
engagement of three weeks at D. Bar's Theatre, in St. Louis, will
open at the Louisville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Monday 25th
Inst., for two weeks; and at Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati on Dec.
9th for three weeks.

N. B.—Miss Menken begs to say in reply to the numerous letters
received from managers, that her engagements are all made up to
the first of March. 35 11¢

CONCERT, THEATRICAL and LITERARY
AGENCY, 482 BROADWAY, Room 7.—Male and Female perform-
ers of acknowledged ability can always obtain city engagements by
addressing as above, enclosing red postage stamp.
31 11¢ CONNER & POOLE, Agents.

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE.

This large body of Artists,
comprising the leading talent in Minstrelsy, viz:
Messrs. J. L. CARNCROSS, G. L. HALL, A. HUGHES,
E. DIXEY, T. B. MORAN, J. PAUL,
COOL WHITE, T. BECKETT, JR., P. BUCH,
J. L. HOLDEN, T. BECKETT, JR., J. GLENN,
J. L. PALMER, J. ARNOLD, G. PEARCE,
J. T. COCKS, WAISTAFF, J. A. PAINE,
W. SHACKLETON, C. CAMPBELL, R. LINDSAY,
H. DOUGHERTY, G. HILSE, J. WARD.

S. S. SANFORD, Master of the TROUPE, and J. J. SANFORD,
Embracing a Double Company, will appear alternately at
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, and
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburgh.

During the entire season.
First class performers can meet with engagements for both houses.
A Banquet wanted immediately. Address,
S. S. SANFORD, Proprietor.

36 21¢
Sanford's Opera House Philadelphia.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
NO. 620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
(Late Jones' Hotel.)

THE BIJOU MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
The Proprietor, after much labor and expense, has fitted up this
new and commodious Theatre in a tasteful manner, and placed in it
A MONSTER COMPANY,

which in point of numbers and talent, is
SECOND TO NONE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL is situated on Chestnut street, be-
tween Sixth and Seventh streets, and is in close proximity to all
the Hotels and a central district.

The entertainment will consist of Ballet Performances,
"Nigger" Sketches, Burlesques, and Breakdowns, Comic and Fancy
Dancing, Sentimental and Comic Singing, Acrobatic and Necromantic
performances, Pantomimes, &c., &c., &c.

The Programme will be changed every evening, and the most at-
tractive performers will appear before the public.

Parquet.....25 cts. Full Private Box.....15 cts
Seats in Private Box.....31 cts Full Private Box.....43 cts
GEORGE MILLER, Proprietor.
GEORGE SHELTON, Stage Manager. 36 21¢

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 16, FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MME MARIE MANNETT,
MME MARIE MANNETT.

The talented Reader, in her great Act illustrating all the various
passions.
First night of the new Pantomime by
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
A. M. HERNANDEZ.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE. A NIGHT'S ADVENTURES,
With the whole strength of the powerful company
THE CANTERBURY MINSTREL BAND,
every night.

Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.
CHRIS. NORRIS, Treasurer. 36 11¢
FOX & CURRAN, Proprietors.

JOHN W. WAISTON, HUMORIST
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DELINEATOR OF ECCECENTRIC CHARACTERS.

ENGAGEMENTS MADE AFTER MARCH 1st, 1882.
TERMS, \$25.00 per night, or half the receipts, whichever is
Address care of FRANK QUEEN,
36 11¢ Clipper Office, New York.

TO THE THEATRICAL AND EXHIBITION PROFESSION
OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE WORLD.

The undersigned will act as resident Agent for all kinds of Exhibi-
tions, and will negotiate upon reasonable terms with all first class
Theatrical or Concert Hall Managers. Engagements to commence
about the 1st of January, 1882. The following list comprises a few
of their leading acts:

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James Connor, Theatrical and Literary Agent, New York; Mr. Ben
Trimble, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Managers will please address the above, "Trimble's Varieties,"
Pittsburgh, Pa. 34 21¢

MR. J. GRAFFAM, formerly of the National Troupe of Glass
Blowers, has been stopping for the past season at Danville, N. Y.,
during which time he has constructed a new Low Pressure Glass
Steam Engine, double cylinder, horizontal working, which is the
most perfect Steam Engine ever constructed of Glass. He chal-
lenges the world to produce its equal. 36 11¢

PHOTOGRAPHS of Laura Keane, Sallie Bishop, George Christy,
Mary Shaw, Ione Burke, Sara Stevens, Charles Fisher, Sam Cowell,
Cortez, W. Davidge, Mrs. H. Allen, Mrs. Loughton, E. A. Sothorn,
W. Wallace, Kate Fisher, Julia Day, and Clifton, as John Wood
Jefferson, Mrs. Pryor, Eph. H. Allen, Harry Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R.
Blake, E. Forrest, Fanny Brown, Jerry Bryant, Patti, Lott, Hough,
Lester Wallace, Colson, J. B. Booth, W. Wheatley, Brignoli, W. Ray-
nolds, John Brougham, Wm. Hannon, Maggie Mitchell, A. H. Davenport,
Miss Kellogg, Isabella Hinkley, Marietta, Mr. and Mrs. Florence
Piccolini, J. C. Clarke, F. S. Chanfrau, as Bryant, Caroline
Richards, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Moran, Mrs. Vernon, Adah Isaacs
Menken, Amodio, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cts each, or
\$2.50 per dozen; Colored, 50 cts each, and sent post paid. Cata-
logue sent on receipt of a stamp, by O. A. ROORBACH,
36 11¢ 122 Nassau st., New York.

AN AMUSEMENT HALL, well lighted, heated, and well adapted for
concerts and like entertainments, situated in a respectable and
popular district in New York City, will be let by the night, week,
or month. Apply for terms, to J. A. WELLS, 53 Courtland
street, N. Y. 36 11¢

THEATRE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—This establishment having been
thoroughly renovated and decorated, making it the handsomest, warmest,
and most comfortable place of amusement in Ohio. The Winter Season
will begin on the 24th of December. Stars—Opera and Ballet Troupes—
will be liberally treated with.
36 11¢ C. T. SMITH, National Theatre, Cincinnati.

AS VIOLONCELLO PERFORMER.—H. Walsh, late of the Boston
Museum Orchestra, wishes an engagement. Terms moderate. To
play on last of Dec. Address, Providence, R. I. 36 11¢

JAMES F. WAMBOLD, of Mrs. Matt Peck's Minstrelsy, is earnestly
requested to write to his friend E. Box 3938, Buffalo P. O. 36 11¢

We have letters for J. C. Borne, late of Unsworth's Minstrelsy;
Miss Laura Le Cere; Jas. Gibbons, contortionist; Charley Whitney;
Miss Nellie Howard; Frank A. Gossin; Miss Susan Denin and J. W.
Conner.

CITY SUMMARY.
MONDAY, Dec. 16, '81.

We have had two real sensations during the past week, and both
have taken such hold upon our excitement-loving people that they
are reluctant to let them pass. The first of these sensations was the
first of these extraordinary offerings consisted of a combina-
tion of stars, embracing that sterling actor, E. L. Davenport, and
the talented J. W. Wallace, Jr., and wife. The second consisted of
the "Zampiera" feat, by young Hannon. For both of these
sensations we are indebted to the management of the New Bowery.
Of each, we will speak hereafter.

The past week proved a pretty strong one for some of our
managers, the weather being calculated to draw out the habitues
for pleasure and recreation, the result being good houses, and a
pretty fair distribution of the "Oil be joyful." Christmas week
promises to give us something new at nearly every place of amuse-
ment in the city, and from the extensive preparations making,
some of these novelties will be produced on a scale of grandeur
revival. We have got tired of "long runs," and novelty, fresh
and beautiful, must take their place. And thus it came to pass
that Laura Keane and her "Seven Sons" have had the cold shoulder
given them of late; of which, more anon.

A great sensation of the week past, and of the season, was, of the
age, is the feat performed by Wm. Hannon, and termed "Zampiera."
It is in the style of the Leopard feat, which has created so
much interest in Europe during the past few years; but the Hannon
feat is a more difficult and daintier performance than the Leopard
feat. The Hannon Brothers have been performing in private for
some months, for the introduction of this startling performance to
the citizens of New York, and it was not until its successful accom-
plishment could be placed beyond question that they concluded to
offer it for public consideration. We were the first to broach the
subject to the world of amusement, and we felt much interest in the
success of the affair, for the Hannon feat is so modest and unassuming
that we feared at one time that their new performance would not
be brought properly to the notice of the general public; but Mr. L.
regard, the manager, took this part of the business in hand, and the
"Zampiera" was pretty well informed of what was in store. The Academy
of Music (which has witnessed the rise and fall of the Italian
opera—which has echoed the plaudits of admirers of Prestidigitator—
which has reverberated with the clappings of oyster house
clappers and professional "sustainers") was selected for "Zampiera-
rostation," as it had previously been for Prestidigitator. The
opening night was originally announced for Monday, Dec. 9th, but in
consequence of all the necessary preparations not having been com-
pleted, a postponement until Thursday evening, December 12th,
was deemed prudent; and on that evening, the Academy was
filled to its utmost extent by a highly respectable audience, the
large majority of whom were of the masculine gender, the sup-
posed dangerous character of the performance probably being

a little too much for the nerves of the usual class of fair visitors to
the Irving Place Institute. The centre point of attraction was
course the great Zampiera feat, and the appliances for its
performance. From the first tier of boxes, which is about 25 feet
from the floor of the parquet, a standing place was erected, to
which an iron ladder was attached. From the top of this ladder, a
parquet, an iron frame-work stood, from which the feat was per-
formed, and fifty feet from this a second iron frame-work
stood, with its accompanying trapeze. Thirty feet farther on,
third trapeze hung, suspended from the proscenium; and eighty
feet beyond that stood the wooden frame-work, which formed the
landing place of the feat, and from which the feat was per-
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landing place of the feat, and from which the feat was per-
formed, and fifty

A FIGHT WITH FOILS,

BETWEEN

AN EMPEROR AND A FENCING MASTER.

Just thirty years ago, I arrived at St Petersburg, with the intention of establishing myself as a fencing master in that capital. Introductions from distinguished individuals of my own country enabled me to make a friend of Count Alexis W.; and that nobleman interested himself greatly in my success. Not content with procuring me several pupils, he urged me to petition the Emperor for the valuable and honorable appointment of fencing master to a regiment; and, towards that end, gave me a letter of recommendation to an aide de camp of the Czarowitch Constantine, who was then at the Castle of Strelna, near St. Petersburg.

The morning after I hired a droschki, and set out for Strelna, armed with my credentials. I reached the convent of St. Sergius, the saint most venerated in Russia after St. Alexander Nieuiski. A few minutes afterwards I arrived at the castle, and was soon ushered into the apartments of the Emperor's brother. In one of these I discovered him standing with his back to a large fire, and distinguished by the most forbidding countenance I ever beheld. He was tapping his boot with his riding whip, and the undried splashes of mud on his pantaloons indicated that he had but recently returned from a ride or a review. At a table near him was seated General Rodna, pen in hand, and apparently writing under the Prince's dictation.

The door was scarcely closed when the Czarowitch, fixing on me his piercing eyes, abruptly inquired:—

"What is your age?"

"Six and twenty."

"Name?"

"G—."

"You want to be fencing master to a regiment?"

"May I please your highness, such is the object of my ambition."

"Are you a first-rate swordsman?"

"I have fenced in public several times since my arrival in St. Petersburg, and your highness can easily ascertain the opinion of those who were present."

"I have heard of you, but you had only second rateencers to contend with."

"Which gave them just claims upon my forbearance, your highness."

"Forbearance!" he repeated, with flashing eyes and a scornful curve of his lips; "but if less considerate, what then?"

"I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice that they touched me, your highness."

"Ha! and could you do that with me?"

"That would depend on how your imperial highness might wish to be treated. If as a prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times and be touched twice. But if your highness desired to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would be achieved by me, and the two by your highness."

"Lubenski!" roared the Czarowitch, rubbing his hands; "Lubenski! bring the foils! We shall see, Sir Braggadocio!"

"Is it possible your highness would condescend—"

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times, if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now take this foil and mask. Guard!"

"Is it your highness's absolute command?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I am ready."

"Ten times," repeated the prince, as he attacked me—"ten times, mind you; less won't do. Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding this encouragement, I kept merely on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts without returning them.

"Now then!" cried he, angrily, "what are you about? You are playing the fool with me. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect—"

"Confound your respect, sir! Thrust! thrust!"

Observing through his mask, that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bloodshot, I took advantage of the permission granted, and touched him three times running.

"Bravo!" cried he. "My turn now. Ha! A hit! a hit!"

He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and was then touched once.

"Hurra!" he cried, exultingly. "Rodna, did you see that? Twice to his seven!"

"Twice to ten, your highness," replied I, pressing him very hard. "Eight, nine, ten! Now we are quits."

"Good, good!" cried the Czarowitch, approvingly; "very good! But that's not all. The small sword—not enough—no use to the cavalry—want the sabre. Now, could you defend yourself, on foot, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance thrust? Eh?"

"I think I could, your highness."

"Think so! Not sure, eh?"

"Pardon me, your highness. I have no doubt of it."

"Lubenski!" again shouted the prince.

"The officer appeared."

"A lance and a horse! Quick!"

"But your highness—" I interposed.

"Ha! you are afraid?"

"I am not afraid; but with your highness, I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! First trial was capital. Now for the second."

At this moment the officer appeared before the window of the palace, leading a magnificent horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now then," exclaimed Constantine, as he dashed out of the room, and made me a sign to follow him. "Give him a good sabre, Lubenski; and now, my Englishman, mind yourself or you'll be spitted like one of the toads in my summer house. The last lived three days, Rodna," added he, turning to that general, "with a nail through his belly."

So saying, the prince sprang upon his steed. With great skill he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"All ready?" he cried, riding up to me.

"Ready, your highness," was my reply, and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to the farther end of the venue.

"Surely all this is a joke?" I said to General Rodna.

"By no means!" was the reply. "You will either lose your life or gain your appointment! Defend yourself as if you were on a battle field."

Matters had taken a much more serious turn than I had anticipated. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my chance, without uneasiness; but feeling myself bound to control, as well as to use, a keen-edged sabre, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless and a royal antagonist, the chances of the diversion were decidedly against me. It was too late, however, to draw back.

I summoned to my aid all the coolness and address I possessed and prepared to face the Czarowitch, who had already reached the end of the avenue, and turned his horse about. The animal advanced at full speed, Constantine being crouched down upon his neck in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane.

When he reached me, he made a point at my breast; but I parried his thrust and, bounding on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their impetuosity, passed by without doing me the slightest injury.

"Very good! very good!" he said, "try again."

Without giving me time for objection or remark, he took space for his career, and, after asking me if I was ready, returned to the charge with great fury. As before, I kept my eyes on him, and not one of his motions escaped me. At the decisive moment, I parried on par,

and by a spring to the right, made his second attack as harmless as the first.

Uttering a howl of disappointment, the Czarowitch entered into the spirit of our tilting-match as ardently as if it had been a real combat, and had, moreover, made up his mind that it should terminate in his favor; but when I saw him retreating the ground for a third assault, I resolved that it should be the last.

Again he advanced towards me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, instead of contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the pole of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and Constantine found himself disarmed. Then, quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of my sabre on the breast of the rider.

General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the prince. Constantine also had the same impression, for the color left his cheeks for an instant. Stepping a pace backward, and bowing to the Grand Duke—

"Your highness," I said, "has now seen what I am able to teach to Russian soldiers, and whether I am worthy to become their professor."

"Yes, by my soul, you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it for you. Now follow me," he added, as he threw himself from the saddle, and led the way to his apartments.

When there, he took up a pen, and wrote at the foot of the petition to the emperor, which I had fortunately in readiness—

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your Imperial Majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favor he solicits."

It is only necessary to add, that, after some short delay, I was fortunate enough in procuring the post I so anxiously sought.

THE GREEN BARTENDER;

OR,

GETTING THE RUN OF THE TILL.

It seems to be just as natural for a subordinate in a "grocery" to levy upon the till, for material aid to his own pocket, as for the sparks to fly upwards or water run down hill. Innumerable stories are told of the peculations of these "light fingered gentry," but one of the best of the boodle is a story we are now about to dress up and trot out, for your diversion.

A tavern keeper in this city, some years ago, advertised for a bar-keeper, "a young man from the country preferred." Among the several applicants who exhibited themselves for the vacancy, was a decent, harmless looking youth, whose general contour at once struck the tavern keeper with most favorable impressions.

"So you wish to try your hand tending bar?"

"Yes, sir," said he.

"Have you ever tended bar?"

"No, sir; but I do not doubt my ability to learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn fast enough," says the tavern-keeper. "In fact, I'm glad you are green at the business, you will suit me the better; the last fellow I had, came to me recommended as one of the best bar-keepers in New Orleans; he was posted up in all the fancy drinks and fancy names, he wore fancy clothes and had a fancy dog, and I fancied pretty soon that the rascal had taken a fancy to my small change, so I discharged him in double quick time."

"Served him right, sir," said the new applicant.

"Of course I did. Well now, sir, I'll engage you; you can get the run of things in a few weeks. I will give you twenty-five dollars a month, first month, and thirty dollars a month for the balance of the year."

"I'll accept it, sir," says the youth.

"Do you think it's enough?"

"O, yes, indeed, sir!"

"Well," says Boniface; "now mark me, young man. I will pay you punctually, but you mustn't pay yourself extra wages."

"Pay myself?" says the unsophisticated youth.

"Mustn't take the run of the till."

"Run of the till?"

"No knocking down, sir."

"O, bless you!" quoth the verdant youth, "I am as good-natured as a lamb; I never knocked anybody down in all my life."

"Ha! ha!" ejaculated the landlord; "he is green, so I won't teach him what he don't know. What's your name?"

"Absalom Hart, sir."

"Good Christian-like name, and I've no doubt we shall agree together for a long time, so go to work."

Absalom "pitched in"—a whole year passed—Absalom and the landlord got along slick as a whistle. Another year, two, three, four; never was there a more attentive, diligent, and industrious bar-keeper behind a marble slab, or armed with a toddy-stick. He was the *ne plus ultra* of bar-keepers, a perfect paragon of toddy virtues. But one day, some how or other, the landlord found himself in custody of the sheriff, bag and baggage. Business had not fallen off, everything seemed properly managed, but, some how or other, the landlord broke, failed, caved in, and the sheriff sold him out.

Who thought the concern? Absalom Hart—nobody else. Some of the people were astonished.

"Well, who would have thought it?"

"Hurrah for Absalom!"

"By George, that was quick work!" were the remarks of the outsiders, when the fact of the sale and purchase became known. The landlord felt quite humbled, he was out of house and home, but he had a friend, surely.

"Mr. Hart, things work queer in this world, sometimes."

"Think so?" quietly responded the new landlord.

"I do, indeed; yesterday I was up, and to-day I am down."

"Very true, sir."

"Yesterday you were down, to-day you are up."

"Very true; time works wonders, Mr. Smith."

"It does indeed, sir. Now, Mr. Hart, I am out of employment—got my family to support; I always trusted I treated you like a man, didn't I?"

"A—ye-es, you did, I believe."

"Now, I want you to employ me; I have a number of friends who of course will patronize our house while I am in it, and you can afford me a fair sort of a living to help you."

"Well, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Hart, "I suppose I shall have to hire somebody; and as I don't believe in taking a raw hand from the country, I will take one who understands all about it. I'll engage you; so go to work."

"Thank you, Mr. Hart." And so the master became the man, and the man the master.

"Poor Smith, he's down!" cries one old habitue of the "General Washington" bar-room. "I carked him 'e'd gin out afore long, if he let other people tend to his business instead of himself."

"I didn't like that fellow Absalom, no how," says another old head; "he's 'bout skinned Smith."

"Well, Smith kin be savin', he's larnt something," says a third, "and oughter try to get on to his pegs again."

But when Absalom gave his "free blow," these fellows all "went in," partook of the landlord's hospitality, and hoped—of course they did—that he might live several thousand years, and make a fortune!

Time slid on—Smith was attentive, no bar-keeper more assiduous and devoted to the toddy affairs of the house, than Jerry Smith, the pseudo-bar-keeper of Absalom Hart. Absalom being landlord of a popular drinking establishment, was surrounded by politicians, horse jockies, and various otherwise complexioned, lancy living personages. Ergo, Absalom began to lay off and enjoy himself; he had his horses, dogs, and other pastimes; got married, and cut it very "fat." One day he got involved for a friend, got into unnecessary expenses, was sued for complicated debts, and so entangled with adverse circumstances, that at the end of his third year as landlord, the

sheriff came in, and the "General Washington" again came under the hammer.

Now, who will become purchaser? Everybody wondered who would become the next customer.

"I will, by George!" says Smith. And Smith did; he had worked long and faithfully, and he had saved something. Smith bought out the whole concern, and once more he was landlord of the "General Washington."

Absalom was cut down, like a hollyhock in November—he was dead broke, and felt, in his present situation, flat, stale, and unprofitable enough.

"Mr. Smith," said Absalom, the day after the collapse, "I'm once more on my oars."

"Yes, Ab, so it seems; it's a queer world, sometimes we are up, and sometimes we are down. Time, Ab, works wonders, as you once very forcibly remarked."

"It does indeed, sir."

"We have only to keep up our spirits, Ab, go ahead; the world is large, if it is full of changes."

"True, sir, very true. I was about to remark, Mr. Smith—"

"Well, Ab."

"That we have known one another—"

"Pretty well, I think!"

"A long time, sir."

"Yes, Ab."

"And when I was up and you down—"

"Yes, go on."

"I gave you a chance to keep your head above water."

"True enough, Ab, my boy."

"Now, sir, I want you to give me charge of the bar again, and I'll off coat and go to work like a Trojan."

"Ab Hart," said Smith, "when you came to me, you was so green you could hardly tell a crossed quarter from a bogus pistarene—the 'run of the till' you learned in a week, while in less than a month you was the best hand at 'knocking down' I ever met! There's fifty dollars, you and I are square; we will keep so—go!"

Poor Absalom was beat at his own game, and soon left for parts unknown.

A KISS FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.—At a race course in Normandy, some Englishmen were admiring the picturesque and historic costume of the women of the country. Several of the gentlemen jockies, slightly excited by the impression of their *dejeuner*, were gathered together in a knot, admiring not only the costume but the captivating faces of the women of Normandy, whose beauty was heightened by the piquant originality of their lofty lace head gear. These sportsmen were uttering their comments on the passers-by in a loud tone of voice, when their attention was arrested by the extraordinary beauty of a young woman just married, who at that moment passed by. She was walking in the midst of a group of country lads and lasses in their silk dresses, and long-tailed, short-waisted black coats, and in the company might have been seen the black cask of the *cure* and vicar of the parish.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one of the sportsmen; "on my honor, I'd give two sovereigns for a kiss of her rosy cheek!"

"Hullo! here's a 'bafstek,' who says he will give two sovereigns to kiss our Louise," said a bumpkin in black velvet and hob-nailed shoes.

"Ah, ah!" cried several of the girls together; "how generous; two Louis is not Peru!"

"Well, then, I'll give three," said the Englishman.

The young woman to whom the provocation was addressed, looked toward the Englishman, and smiling, said: "It would give you a great deal of pleasure, then, Monsieur?"

"Oh, an immense deal!"

"Well, in that case," continued she, after a little hesitation, "give five Louis, and here is my cheek."

Thus challenged, his liberality would not have backed out had it cost twenty guineas. The five golden pieces were drawn from his purse and placed in the young woman's hands, who honestly performed the part of the contract, and received a brace of kisses.

"What a windfall!" cried she, gaily; "here, M. le Cure, are five gold pieces for the poor of our parish."

"Oh! if that is to be the use of the money, a guinea more for the poor," said the sportsman, and the acclamations were louder than ever.

PAT DIDN'T LIKE TO SAY.—The Charleston *Courier's* Richmond correspondent gets off the following:—Frequently the ladies are in the habit of visiting the prisoners, but oftener from curiosity than sympathy.

An incident is told of an encounter between several of them and an Irishman. It has become a matter of habit with the fair ones to open conversation with the very natural inquiry, "Where are you wounded?" and accordingly,

when a party of three or four of the other sex approached our cell, they launched out in the usual way. Paddy made believe that he didn't hear distinctly, and replied, "Pretty well, I thank yer."

"Where were you wounded?" again fired away one of the ladies. "Faith, not badly hurt, at all; I'll be travelling to Richmond in a wake," replied Pat, with a peculiarly distressing look, as if he was in a tight place. Thinking that he was deaf, one of the old ladies in the background put her mouth down to his ear, and shouted again, "We want to know where you are hurt?"

Pat, evidently finding that if the bombardment continued much longer he would have to strike his flag any how, concluded to do so at once, and accordingly, with a face as rosy as a boiled lobster, and with an angry kind of energy, he replied:—"Sure, laddies, it's not dafé that I am; but since you are determined to know where I've been wounded, it's on my mate. The bullet entered the behind of me breeches. Please to excuse me feelings, and ax me no more questions."

I leave you to imagine the blushing consternation of the inquisitors, and sudden locomotion of the crinoline out of the front door. Since then, Paddy has been the hero of the hospital, and receives any amount of female visitors, for you know such a thing circulates among the sex like quicksilver on a smooth glass, but they bestow their sympathies in silence, and no more ask him "Where are you hurt?"

THE GAME OF RACKETS is a truly pleasing sport; not only for the spirit and amusement it affords to the mind, but the good results which the constitution derives from such active exercise. There is no game, perhaps, not even cricket itself, which combines so much skill with so much bustle, that even an indolent man must be alive to all the movements of the game, while the bat is in his hand. The racket player is always on the move; standing still is entirely out of the question; and two or three games at rackets are calculated to do more good towards the restoration of health and keep the frame clear from the effects of gout and rheumatism, than the whole contents of an apothecary's shop. In an enclosed court it may be played the year round; while in an open court it can only be played in the summer. The game of rackets is not like tennis, which is played by dropping a ball over a central net, on each side of which the players stand; but at rackets, the ball is struck against what is called a head-wall, and returned at the bound to the same wall, each player endeavoring to strike it against the wall that his adversary may not be able to return it; he who does not return it, either loses a point, (or, as it is technically termed, "an ace," or has his "hand out," that is to say, forfeits the situation in which he would be able to add to his score of the game. People in general are not aware of the skill required to play the game well, and the fact is, the better it is played, the more easy it appears.

SINGULAR NOTICE.—The following notice was once posted up on the estate of a noble Marquis of Kent:—Notice is hereby given, that the Marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till after the sixteenth of September.

ABOUT BATHING.—A common mistake is, that those laboring out of doors, in dust and sweat, must need to bathe. Such persons sweat off the accumulations upon the skin, and though frequent bathing will conduce to their "good looks," to their comfort, and to lessening the labor of washing their garments, yet they need this operation much less, so far as health is concerned, than your caged ladies and gentlemen who seldom put forth effort enough to get up a free perspiration. The filthiest, most unhealthy skin, belongs to the neat body who dwells on Brussels carpets, where not a particle of dust is permitted to rise, but who never exerts herself enough to "raise a dust." Our lives are artificial, in part, and we cannot in all respects, follow the indications of nature; yet if constant bathing is essential to health, it must have been an oversight in the order of nature that we were not born with gills and fins. The most unhealthy skin would seem to be one from which the delicate oily secretions, naturally provided to lubricate the seven millions of tubes of the skin, is kept constantly removed by ablutions of soap, alkalies and water.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO IV.

All that Troy held has perished, and alas!

So we, as destiny comes sweeping on,

Are doomed forever from life's joys to pass—

"An instant here—another moment, gone!"

The sully on a highly polished glass,

When thoughtlessly 'tis breathed upon,

Is emblematic how evanescent

Is man's frail life. Let this suffice at present.

Life is indeed evanescent, and therefore it behooves us to enjoy it while we may. But how can a lady be expected to enjoy life, if her skin is disfigured by tan, freckles, sunburn, sallowness, blotches, redness, roughness, ringworm, or purulent pimples? Any person thus unfortunately afflicted, is assured of finding a complete remedy for all cutaneous blemishes in GOURAUD'S MATCHLESS ITALIAN

REMOVER OF SORE, which is certain to make the skin beautifully white, smooth, soft and clear. Persons afflicted with premature baldness, can positively have their hair restored by GOURAUD'S MARVELOUS HAIR RESTORATIVE, which imparts to the hair the most perfect softness and gloss. GOURAUD'S POWDER SCULPTURE will completely and instantly uproot all superfluous human hair.

Remember! the genuine toilet preparation of Dr. FRÉDÉRIC GOURAUD can only be obtained at his depot, 67 Walker street, one door from (not in) Broadway.

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